THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1800.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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2 THE MASTIFF. THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.
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4 A NEW PATTERN FOR A HANDKERCHIEF, OR APRON, &c.
5 MUSIC— LITTLE COLIN AND LITTLE PHILLIS. The Words translated from the Italian to the Air; particularly arranged for the Piano-Forte.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conclusion of the Corsicans in our next.

We have inserted the last contribution of *Periclitator*, because we are ever desir s to encourage *juvenile genius*, and because we conceive that with *care* and assiduity he may greatly improve.

The continuations of The Castle on the Cliff, by Juvenis, will be very acceptable; but we hope they will be regularly transmitted till the conclusion.

The Ample Domain, a Song, &c. are intended for insertion.

We shall be glad to receive the continuation of Poor Ella.

Lines on the Present Times by D. R. C's Acrostic, F's Elegy, and D. T's Charade, are received.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

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OCTOBER, 1800.

HAFEZ AND AMINA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

WHEN the sword of Jenghiz Khan spread devastation over fifty countries, and subjected the regions of the East to his despotic sway, Hafez, a prince of Irak, after endeavouring valiantly, but in vain, to stem the torrent, and save his native land, submitted to his fate and the clemency of the conqueror. He was sent in chains to the khan, who, pleased with the bravery he had displayed, the intrepidity of his demeanour in captivity, his youthful beauty, and his martial air, restored him to freedom, and took him into his especial favour. He soon after promoted him to be one of his generals, and gave him a principal command in the army which he sent against Georgia. Hafez, with the ardour of a soldier, fulfilled the commands of his ambitious sovereign; the Georgians were defeated with great slaughter, their cities pillaged, and their country laid waste by the ferocious Moguls.

When the tempest of war began to subside, as the fire decays when it has devoured its fuel, Hafez, one day walking forth in the fields which were late the abode of golden plenty and jocund merriment, but now the sad scenes of depopulation and dreary silence, saw, at the foot of a tree, a youthful female sitting in a mournful posture, with her eyes bathed in tears, her hair dishevelled, and apparently overwhelmed with agonising despair. He approached her, and inquired the cause of her grief. At first she answered not, but to his repeated solicitations she at length thus replied. —"Soldier, can the sight of sadness and despair be so new to you that you should inquire the cause of the miseries which you yourself inflict on the nations of the earth. The furious soldiers of Hafez, and their merciless leader, have spread wretchedness over the face of my country. They have sacrificed to the accursed ambition of their sovereign all the genuine happiness which nature has infused into the cup of life. Our young men have perished in the field, the old are pining in the lingering tortures of hunger.—My father!—Oh my father!—at this moment perhaps he

expires.

expires. I have sought food for him these three days; for age, sickness, and grief have so enfeebled him, that he cannot seek it for himself. Yesterday and the day before I procured a little, but to day my search has been utterly fruitless: the barbarous Moguls have carried off every thing: he must die, and I must follow him to the grave."

Amina, as she spoke, lifted up her streaming eyes, and the heart of Hafez was touched with compassion. "Be comforted," said he, "you have found the relief you sought. Your father shall live, if human aid can preserve his life. I promise this to you; and what I promise I have the power to perform."

In an ecstasy of joy and gratitude, the beauteous Amina threw herself at the feet of the generous stranger. Hafez raised her from the ground, and gazed with admiration on the symmetry of her form, and the animation and expression of her countenance. He accompanied her to her father, whose wants he relieved, and whom he ordered to be carefully attended, till, from langour and debility, he should be restored to cheerfulness and health;—for his compassion for the sorrow and distress of Amina had been rapidly succeeded by love, which filled his whole heart, till he preferred the willing chains and soft captivity of the tender passion to the barbarous pleasure of imposing the yoke on conquered nations. Amina, on her side, likewise, felt a reciprocal affection for the youthful warrior, who had saved the life of her father, and lavished so many benefits on them both. The calamities he had brought on her country were in conformity with the cruel usages of war, and many of its barbarities had been repressed or alleviated by his generous sentiments and conduct. They were united by the bands of love, and the legal ceremonies of their religion; and, in the arms of his beloved Amina, Hafez experienced that a greater happiness may be enjoyed by man than the gratification of cruel ambition, by spreading destruction over a smiling country, to procure dishonourable fame and barbarous dominion.

Georgia being reduced by the army of the victorious Moguls, Hafez returned to the court of Jenghiz Khan, where he continued to enjoy the favour of his sovereign, and the affection of his Amina, till the monarch again required his services at the head of an army. In less than a twelvemonth, the Georgians being cruelly oppressed by the governor set over them, raised the standard of revolt, and resolved to make every exertion to break their chains. Again to reduce them to their former bondage, and mercilessly rivet their fetters, Jenghiz Khan ordered Hafez to put himself at the head of a chosen body of the Mogul troops, and lay waste the devoted country with fire and sword. But the tears of Amina, when she heard of the sentence passed on her native land, so wrought on the generous soul of Hafez, that he ventured to remonstrate with the invincible khan on the severity of his commands. He reminded him of the wretched condition to which the Georgians had been reduced, by the severe oppressions of their rapacious governors. He pleaded their cause with fervor, and conjured the monarch rather to reclaim them by the administration of impartial justice, than destroy them with the sword of extermination. The haughty monarch frowned with a mixture of anger and contempt. "Pusillanimous

mous slave," said he, "thou art no longer a warrior! I have heard how passionately thou art devoted to a female slave thou hast brought from this contemptible country. Thou art enervated by this base passion, and all martial spirit and thirst of fame has perished in thee. Begone from my sight. But, first I will see this wondrous beauty, whose fascinations have deprived me of so brave a warrior, and a chief, on whom I thought I had so deservedly conferred my favour."

Orders were immediately dispatched to bring Amina before the khan; and the lovely wife of Hafez soon made her appearance, accompanied by her aged father, whose life had been preserved by the bounty of the conqueror of Georgia. She fell at the feet of the monarch, and with copious streams of tears, and the most pathetic entreaties, pleaded the cause both of her country and her husband. The mighty sovereign of the Moguls was astonished at her beauty, and moved to compassion by her supplications. The venerable Luarzab, the father of Amina, at the same time availed himself of the opportunity, in the most humble manner, eloquently to plead the cause of his country. He represented to the khan the cruel treatment the impoverished Georgians had suffered from the tyranny of the Mogul governors. He painted in the most lively colours the miseries that had compelled them to rebel against their oppressors, and undertook to answer with his life for their peaceable submission to the authority under which they lived, were they only treated with common justice and humanity. Jenghiz Khan, though despotic power had hardened his heart, was not totally incapable of the emotions of generosity. He listened to the truths he heard from Luarzab, enforced by the tender entreaties of the exquisitely beauteous Amina.--Turning to Hafez, he said,—"I can no longer wonder that such beauty and delicacy should have obtained such an influence over you. Were I not Jenghiz Khan, I could wish to be Hafez. I yield to the wishes and representations of Luarzab. You shall go and subdue the Georgians; not by violence and devastation, but by justice and generosity. You shall take the force you choose, and employ it as you think proper. I make you governor of the province. Luarzab will assist you by his counsels, and his influence with his countrymen. Go, and let my equity and clemency be known, as well as my power."

Hafez immediately set out, with Amina and her father, for his government. The Georgians, informed of what had passed at the court of the khan, received them with transports of joy. Hafez, following the advice of Luarzab, quickly redressed the grievances of the oppressed people, restored plenty to their deserted fields, and completely reconciled them to submit to the sceptre of Jenghiz Khan.

Luarzab was idolised by his countrymen for the wise regulations he instituted among them, and died at a very advanced age. After his death, Hafez and Amina lived many years in happiness and tranquillity, amid a people who considered them as their saviours, and who, at once, loved and revered them.

On the Misapplication *of* Literary Talents.

(By Dr. Warton.)

WHEN Fontaine, whose tales indicated a truly comic genius, brought a comedy on the stage, it was received with a contempt equally unexpected

expected and deserved. Terence has left us no tragedy, and the Mourning Bride of Congreve, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on it by Pope in the Dunciad, is certainly a despicable performance; the plot is unnaturally intricate, and overcharged with incidents, the sentiments trite, and the language turgid and bombast. The Biter of Rowe is wretched. Heemskirk and Teniers could not succeed in a serious and sublime subject of history painting. Hogarth's Sigismunda disgraced his pencil.

The modesty and good sense of the ancients are in this particular, as in others, remarkable. The same writer never presumed to undertake more than one kind of dramatic poetry, if we except the Cyclops of Euripides. A poet never presumed to plead in public, or to write history, or indeed any considerable work in prose. The same actor never recited tragedy and comedy: this was observed long ago by Plato, in the third book of his Republic, They seem to have held that diversity, nay universality of talent, at which the moderns frequently aim, to be a gift unattainable by man.

We, therefore, of Great Britain, have, perhaps, more reason to congratulate ourselves on two great phænomena; I mean Shakspeare's being able to pourtray characters so very different as Falstaff and Macbeth; and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitable a Lear or an Abel Drugger. Nothing can more fully demonstrate the extent and versatility of these two original geniuses. Corneille, whom the French are so fond of opposing to Shakspeare, produced very contemptible comedies; and the Plaideurs of Racine is so close a resemblance of Aristophanes, that it is not to be here urged. The most universal of authors seems to be Voltaire, who has written almost equally well both in prose and verse; and whom either the tragedies of Merope and Mahomet, or the histories of Louis XIV. and Charles XII. would alone have immortalised. It might be supposed that the author of Candide would have been able to produce a good comedy; and that a writer who draws characters, and plans a fable so inimitably well as Fielding in Tom Jones, would have done the same; but both these writers have failed in the attempt.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

1. *The Little Farmer's Daughter.*

IN the days of hospitality and good cheer, when England was the glory and envy of the world, the father of this girl was one of those persons called a little farmer; he cultivated a small plot of land, and her mother kept a little dairy; they constantly attended the weekly market with the produce of their industry, consisting of corn, butter, eggs, poultry, and whatever their farm would produce. They rode together upon one horse; and the good man's extravagance never exceeded a pint of ale extraordinary, after dinner on a market day, with his neighbours. They brought up their children in cleanliness, industry, and modesty. A flowered gown, a straw hat, and a red top-knot was sufficient to gratify the utmost ambition of their daughter. It was a pleasant sight to behold fifteen or twenty such families, attending their duty at church on a sabbath-day, to render thanks to Almighty God for the comforts and blessings they enjoyed; and receiving the instructions of a plain, pious old clergyman, whose exemplary

exemplary life, and charitable disposition, had a powerful effect upon his attentive congregation.—This was the golden age of England.—But mark what follows:—Dissipation and prodigality have overturned hospitality and generosity. For the good old Lord, their landlord, dying, a creature of a new species takes possession of the estate, drives out all the old honest servants, to make room for artful Frenchmen, insolent footmen, and muslined mop-squeezers. Instead of the venerable old nobleman, who used to cheer the hearts of his tenants with a gracious smile, the present Lord is not to be distinguished from his groom: surrounded by a troop of jockeys, black legs, horses, dogs, and harlots (for Hymen is retiring from this country), he has no time to look after his tenants. The whole of his property is entrusted to the management of an overgrown steward, who is too great a man to be at the trouble of collecting his master's rents in small sums, and humanely forms the resolution of turning out all the little farmers,—to labour or starve, it makes no difference to him; and at one stroke destroys the whole race of those honest and industrious people! In consequence of this act of brutality, the mother of this poor girl died of a broken heart; her brothers were obliged to go to sea; her father had the mortification to work as a day-labourer on the farm he was once master of; and she herself, who was an under servant in the new-arranged family, was turned out destitute, because she had too much modesty to be the strumpet of a Swiss valet-de-chambre. She now exclaims, like the great Belisarius, an emblem of virtue in distress.

"Pray remember the Little Farmer's Daughter!"

2. *The Great Farmer's Daughter.*

The daughter of a great farmer forms a very striking contrast to the other. Here is displayed all the elegance and luxury of a fine lady. Dancing-master, music-master, French-master, in short every thing that money can purchase is to be found here. The father rides to market upon his blood horse, with his sample in his pocket (for the corn is not brought to market in the fair honest way that it was in the little farmer's days); and if the price is not sufficiently high for him, he takes it back again, till it rises to a level with his conscience, which is a perfect emblem of eternity.—He cannot digest his dinner, which consists of all the delicacies of the season, without his bowl of punch, or two or three bottles of wine after it:—His son keeps his hunter, dogs, and mistress. His wife and daughter never visit the market town but in their fashionable gig, and then for no other purpose than to attend a ball or music-meeting, or to display the young lady's abilities in driving.—They never go to market, like the little farmer's wife and daughter. They breed no poultry, nor make any butter but for their own use, it being more profitable to suckle calves with their milk.—But what is the consequence of such ill-gotten pelf? Does it not too often happen, that this mode of education is but ill suited, even to the daughter of a great farmer? Religion is forgotten; even morality and modesty are emigrating from this country. One of these great farmer's daughters has been seen dressed in so indecent a manner at a country ball, that many a common street-walker would have blushed for her. Too proud to listen to the addresses of an honest tradesman, she becomes the wife

wife of some fortune hunter:—the ill-accumulated portion her father gives her is soon squandered away; and rather than descend from her fancied greatness, she listens to the flatteries of some sprig of quality, becomes faithless to her husband, is exposed in an open court, and obtains a divorce. Lost to every principle of virtue, she is elevated from a gig to a curricle, where she and her paramour whirl over the pavement of Pall-Mall and St. James's-street, with a pair of grooms behind them, to the great annoyance of His Majesty's peaceable subjects. But dissipation is a corrosive that frets such channels in the cheeks of beauty, that no cosmetic can fill up, or bloom of roses hide. Her seducer grows tired; and, if she is fortunate, a small pension saves her from being thrown upon the common. But even that (if any spark of virtue still remains) does not screen her from the terrors of a searching conscience; and gin becomes the Lethe in which she hopes to drown her cares. Vain hope!—To close the last sad scene, some ignorant declaimer is called in, to save her soul; not by those mild and gentle means that pure religion teaches, but throwing wide the jaws of hell before her, pronounces sure damnation on her crimes, and drives her from the world in all the horrors of despair.

Those who consider the contrast of these two portraits, and the consequences of such a change of character, will not be a loss to assign some at least of the causes of the present high price of provisions.

ANECDOTES.

TWO young ladies of a distinguished family in the west of England were lately so far reduced in life as to be compelled to take in needle-work, and to labour for their subsistence: they had nothing left of their family estates and fortunes but some wretched furniture, and an old picture of little value. This circumstance reaching the ear of a wealthy clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had received some favours from the family, he instantly repaired to the unfortunate females; and fearful of wounding their delicacy, said to them with a smiling and affable air, "I am informed, ladies, that you have in your apartments here a most valuable picture. I see it; it is by the hand of a great master; and if it be not too great a favour, I would intreat you to part with it, for which I will settle an annuity of 50*l.* a year upon you, and it shall commence from this moment!"—The ladies were at once astonished and confounded; they knew not how to answer; he relieved them by putting down a 50*l.* note on the table; at the same time assuring them, that if they sent the picture according to his direction, they should find he would keep his promise.

VISCOUNT Turenne, the celebrated general, was one night stopped in his coach by some highwaymen, who robbed him, among other things, of a ring, on which he set great value, and for which he promised to give them, if they would preserve and restore it, a hundred louis d'ors. The next day one of them came to his house, and, in the midst of a large company, whispered to him, that he had brought him his ring. The viscount paid him the money; and, after a sufficient time had elapsed for the fellow to make his escape, told the adventure to his friends.—"We must," said he, "inviolably keep our promises: a man of honour will not break his word, though he gives it to a rogue."

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 473.)

LETTER XIV.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

IN the weasel genus, which is the next object of inquiry, your ladyship will perceive the operations of mischievous propensities circumscribed in their fatal effects by minute dimensions and limited powers of action. The distinctive properties of the weasel genus are; six cutting and two canine teeth in each jaw; sharp nose, and slender bodies; five toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The first in this class is

THE COMMON WEASEL.

The weasel inhabits most parts of Europe; is common in Siberia, North America, and Barbary: it sometimes turns white during the winter season, even in moderate temperatures; from which circumstance, and great similarity in form, it has been considered as a variety of the ermine species: yet though that transition is common to both animals, it is evident they are of a distinct nature, as the tail of the ermine is invariably black, and none but the most northern latitudes are congenial to it.

The weasel has small round ears; the whole upper part of the body is of a tawny brown hue; the under regions entirely white; a brown spot under the corners of the mouth. The length from nose to tail is about six or seven inches; the tail nearly two inches and a half long, and yellow at the extremity. The weasel does not dwell, like the stoat or ermine, in woods or forests, but in the vicinity of human habitations. Neither of these animals is capable of domestication, and both require close confinement. They never eat but in the night, and suffer fresh meat to remain till it becomes putrid before they touch it: they sleep the greatest part of the day, and take the advantage of the night to seek for prey. In their hostile depredations on poultry, they only seize young chickens, or other tender subjects, which they kill by a single bite on the head, and then carry off the brood one by one: they likewise break and suck eggs with great dexterity. This species of animals attack serpents, water-rats, moles, field-mice, &c. and are noxious to birds of various denominations. In winter they take refuge in granaries and barns, and in the spring bring forth their young in those sheltered habitations: the female prepares a bed of leaves, straw, and herbage for their reception; and has usually three or four little ones at a birth, which are born blind, but soon acquire sufficient strength to pursue the sanguinary chace of birds, &c. The weasel's motions consist of unequal sudden leaps; and when they endeavour to reach the summit of a tree, or climb a wall, they bound several feet high, and by similar efforts seize birds: in summer they retire to situations where convenient shelter is afforded. Like the polecat and ferret, these animals have a powerful disagreeable odour, which is stronger in summer than in the winter season, and increases when they are either pursued or irritated, at which periods it is perceived at a great distance. Their cry is sharp, sonorous, and expressive of resentment; and their movements always adjusted with circumspection.

THE STOAT, OR ERMINE.

This animal, which has often been denominated the weasel with the black tail, is called ermine when it is

is quite white, and roselet when it is of a red or yellowish hue.

The upper part of the stoat or ermine's body is of a pale tawny brown; the borders of the ears and toes are of a yellowish white cast; the throat, breast, and belly, are white; and the extremity of the tail black; the latter is five inches and a half long. The length of the body is ten inches.

In the northern European and Asian latitudes these animals become wholly white at the approach of winter, excepting their tail, which always remains black; but in the southern mountainous parts of southern Asia and Persia they retain their native colour the whole year. The beauty, use, and worth of ermine are too well known to need description or praise. I shall therefore only remark, that the species that produce it are very common in the northern regions of Lapland, Russia, and Norway, Kamtschatka, Siberia, Newfoundland, and Canada; and that they are but rarely found in temperate, and never in torrid latitudes. They feed on a small kind of rat, peculiar to the countries they inhabit, catch mice like the cat species, are fond of eggs, and usually frequent woods and hedges on the borders of a brook or rivulet: in their common habitudes they resemble the weasel, except in not approaching human habitations. It is reported, this animal, though so inconsiderable in size, kills even the bear and reindeer, by getting into their ears when they are in a somnient state; by attaching themselves firmly with their teeth, they subdue those potent animals; and conquer eagles by fixing on them as before described. It is also said, when the female brings forth her young on a Norwegian island, with wonderful dexterity she conducts them on a plank to the continent, by directing the course with her snout. As the furs of these animals form a considerable branch of commerce, various means are used to insnare them: in Norway they are taken in traps baited with flesh; in Siberia, they are either shot with blunt arrows, or captured by a kind of trap formed of stones, which never fails in its destructive effect.

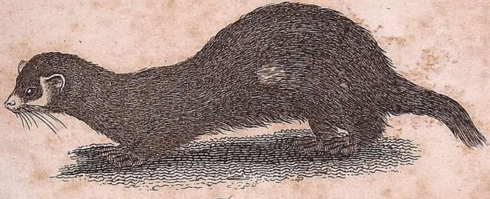
SOUTH AMERICAN FITCHET.

The South American fitchet inhabits the regions of Guiana: it has a long sharp nose, which, as well as the cheeks, throat, and sides of the neck, is black; the forehead, and sides of the head as far as the ears, are white; the ears short, round, and edged with white; from each ear there extends a narrow white stripe along the regions of the neck; the body is covered with hairs of a coarse texture, gray at the roots, and black and white at the extremity; the legs and feet black, tinged with red, the toes formed like those of a rat. The length from nose to tail is above twenty inches—the tail is full of hairs, of a bright chesnut hue mixed with white—it bears a great resemblance to the English fitchet or polecat, and is styled by Buffon the Polecat of Guiana.

THE FITCHET, OR POLECAT.

The fitchet approaches very near in form, disposition, and habits, to the martin, as he molests human habitations, and dwells in similar abodes. He also is hostile to poultry and birds of every kind, and, from the circumstance of being more wary and silent, spreads greater devastation. This animal has such a sanguinary appetite, that he bites off the heads of more fowls than he can possibly devour; and when they are too large to be conveyed to his hole or den, eats the brains, and only carries the head to his charnel-house or dwelling. The fitchet has white hair on the forehead, sides of the nose,

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Polecat.

Genet.

nose, and round the mouth; the tips of the ears are also of the same hue; the head, body, and legs, are of a dark chocolate colour, approaching to black; on the sides the hair has a tawny appearance; the tail is black; and six inches long; the body seventeen inches in length.

In villages and populous places, the fitchets or polecats live upon poultry; and in countries thinly inhabited they hunt for prey: in summer they dwell in rabbit-holes, or other subterraneous shallow recesses, clefts of rocks, or concavities of trees, from whence in the night they depart in quest of food: they climb trees with great agility to seize birds, and despoil nests of their eggs, and lie in wait on the ground for moles and field-mice: they also often obtrude into rabbit-warrens, which they speedily depopulate. These animals are very fond of honey, therefore, in winter, forcibly attack the bees, and compel them to forsake their hives; and also commit great depredations on the dairy. In spring, the males fight for the possession of the females, whom they afterwards leave to traverse the fields and woods, whilst their mates remain in their habitations till they bring forth, and have usually from three to five young at a litter, which they suckle for a short time, and speedily initiate them in the practice of eating eggs and sanguinary food. The fitchet's voice differs very essentially from the martin's, being less sharp in cadence; it also varies from that animal, by diffusing a fœtid rather than an odoriferous smell: this scent is perceptible at a great distance, and increased when the animal is enraged or pursued. The flesh and skin also imbibe the disagreeable effluvia, which renders the former undesirable as food, and the latter objectionable as a fur: yet it is used for various purposes. This offensive smell proceeds from vesicles, situated under the tail of the animal, filled with fœtid matter, which is peculiar to the fitchet and some other species. This singularity of construction in others is exalted into a high perfume, as in the civet, martin, &c. &c. The fitchet species appears to be confined to temperate climes; as few, if any, are found in remote northern regions, or torrid situations: they seem to belong to the various European latitudes, from Italy to the Polish dominions: moderate climes are the most congenial to them, a they are averse to the extremes o heat or cold.

THE SARMATIAN WEASEL.

This animal has broad, short, round ears, edged with long white hairs; the mouth bordered with white; the head, feet, and under part of the body, black; beyond each eye, a white band passing beneath the ears to the regions of the throat; from the hinder part of the head, another band of a yellow hue passes on each side in an oblique direction towards the shoulders; and above those there is a third: the upper part of the body is of a brownish black hue, striped, and irregularly spotted with obscure yellow; the tail thickly clothed with hair of a dusky and white hue, the extremity black. The length, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, about fourteen inches; the tail six inches long.

This species inhabit Poland, and the southern Russian provinces. They are of a voracious nature, prey on marmots, mice, and other small animals, the blood of which they eagerly suck, and do not eat eggs. They usually inhabit recesses formed by other beasts, but have a natural tendency for burrowing. They are

are of a very fierce nature, prey by night, and sleep but little: their eyes have a flaming appearance; and they diffuse a fœtid smell, especially when they are angry: they are of an active nature, and commonly exercise themselves in jumps: the female is said to produce from four to eight young at a birth.

THE SIBERIAN WEASEL.

The Siberian weasel, in its manners and habitudes, is very similar to the sable: it has a black face, whitish about the nostrils, and spotted towards the eyes: the other parts of the animal are of a deep yellow, approaching to orange colour; the throat, in some individuals, spotted with white. The tail is very full of hair, and of a deeper cast than the body; the hair, in general, loose and long; and the soles of the feet thickly covered with fur; the body slender. The length, from muzzle to tail, is twelve inches; the tail about six inches long. This animal is found in the regions of the Altaic mountains, and as far as the lake Baikal, and seems to seek wooded eminences for its abode.

THE FERRET.

It has been a matter of doubt with many naturalists, whether the ferret and fitchet form distinct species; but Buffon seems to regard them as decidedly different.

The ferret has a very sharp nose; red fiery vivacious eyes; round ears; the colour of the whole body is pale yellow; the body is about fourteen inches long, the tail nearly five. Like other domestic animals, this varies in colour. Africa is the native clime of this species, from whence it was transported into Spain, as the means of freeing that country from the superabundance of rabbits which infested it. As the ferret is naturally hostile to those animals, his ardour for their destruction is so great, that when he is let loose in warrens he is always muzzled, that he may not devour the rabbits, but only chase them from their retreats: if he is not thus restrained, he is in danger of being lost, as, after regaling on the blood of the rabbits, he becomes absorbed in sleep, and is with difficulty roused from this state of sanguinary stupefaction. Exclusive of the pursuit of hunting, and extirpating the rabbit race from particular situations, the ferret is employed in the puerile sport of catching birds in the recesses of old walls, or concavities of hollow trees.

Notwithstanding the ferret is not difficult to tame and render domestic, he is easily provoked to anger; and the disagreeable odour which always proceeds from him is greatly augmented when he is irritated by displeasure. Ferrets, in a domestic state, breed, and are reared in casks or boxes, furnished with hemp or flax beds. The female is less than the male, usually produces twice a year, and has generally five or six young at a litter; her time of gestation is six weeks: these animals sleep almost perpetually, and, when they awake, search eagerly for food: they eat meat, bread, milk, &c. indiscriminately.

THE MARTIN.

The martin and pine weasel have been regarded by most naturalists as members of the same species, notwithstanding it appears, from their pursuits and mode of life, and the distinctive properties each of these animals preserves, that they are of a different kind.

The martin has broad round ears; brilliant vivacious eyes; a brown head tinged with red; the body, sides, and legs covered with hair, ash-coloured at the roots, bright

chesnut

chesnut in the middle, and black at the extremity: the throat and breast are generally white; the belly of a dark brown hue; the tail thickly clothed with hair, and of a dusky colour: the feet are broad, and the soles covered with thick down; the claws white. The tail is ten inches long, and the body about eighteen inches in length.

This animal is of an elegant beautiful construction: he has an expressive countenance, and a flexible supple form: his movements rather consist of irregular leaps than the steady pace of walking; he is noxious to poultry of all kinds, mice, rats, moles, and birds. The martin is of such a wild nature, that it is incapable of being trained to any tolerable degree of tractability, as it forms no attachment; and, from its precipitate sudden motions, requires to be restrained by a chain. In their most docile domesticated state these animals eat every kind of food presented to them, except vegetables, and are very fond of honey and hemp-seed; they drink frequently, and are irregular in their mode of taking rest; as sometimes they sleep two days successively; and, at other periods, are wholly awake for more than the same space of time. These animals fix their abode near the habitations of men, dwelling in ruinated buildings, or other secure domestic recesses; and often in the winter taking shelter in magpies' nests. They live chiefly in the woods, and breed in the concavities of trees, clefts of rocks, haylofts, or holes in walls. The female is said to go with young the same space of time as cats, and produces from four to six at a birth. Their existence, as they soon attain maturity, is not supposed to exceed six or seven years. The whole species diffuse a musky odour which is not displeasing: their flesh partakes of this quality, which gives it a disagreeable taste. The fur is not highly esteemed, but is used for several purposes. These sportive good-natured animals are found in most parts of Europe; and, according to Buffon, in all temperate regions, and even in some warm latitudes; such as Madagascar, and the Maldive islands.

THE PINE WEASEL, OR YELLOW-BREASTED MARTIN.

This animal is an inhabitant of the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America, and is found sometimes in Great Britain. In the regions most congenial to it the species is very abundant. They equally avoid inhabited countries and open fields, as they invariably take refuge in solitary woods and pine forests, and dwell in high trees. They subsist by hunting, and are particularly hostile to birds by destroying their eggs, and destructively pursue the squirrel tribe, field mice, &c. The pine weasel has a yellow breast and throat; its hair is of a dark chesnut hue, and superior in fineness to that of the martin, which causes its fur to be esteemed of greater value: in other respects, there is a great resemblance in the exterior formation of the two animals; except that the pine weasel is rather larger, his head shorter, and his legs longer, which enable him to run with greater speed. When chased by the hunters, he flies before the dogs for some time, and afterwards craftily eludes their pursuit by climbing into a high tree: in the same degree of exigency, the martin has not recourse to any mode of escape but taking refuge in his hole. This animal differs also from the martin, by the female not forming a bed for the reception of her young, as she banishes the squirrel from her aërial nest on the top of trees, and,

by

by enlarging its aperture, fits it for the accommodation of her offspring; and for the like purpose often seizes hawks and buzzards' nests: she brings forth in the spring, and produces two or three young ones at a litter, which are born blind.

THE SABLE.

The properties and propensities of this animal are but little known, notwithstanding its fur is universally esteemed. From the most authentic testimony, the sable resembles the martin in the form of his body, and the weasel in the construction of his teeth. It has long whiskers; round ears; large feet; white claws; long bushy tail; the hair black at the tips, and cinereous at the roots; the chin ash-coloured, but sometimes white, yellow or spotted; the borders of the ears yellowish. In some individuals the hair has a tawny cast, as in spring, after the animals shed their coat, the colour is apt to vary, and some have been even found uniformly white. Its size is similar to that of the martin, but its tail much shorter. Sables inhabit the banks of rivers, and the thickest parts of forests, and are found in greatest abundance in small islands; they leap from tree to tree with great agility, and avoid the solar beams, which are reported to change the colour of the fur, which has the peculiar quality of the hair turning with equal ease in every direction. Many authors assert that they conceal themselves, and remain in a torpid state during the winter season; which is improbable, as that is the period in which they are more pursued by the hunters, on account of their skin being then in the best condition. These animals are chiefly found in Siberia, Kamtschatka, and some of the Kurile Isles; as there are but few in the forest of Great Russia, and scarcely any in Lapland.

As the sable's fur forms a considerable branch of commerce, they are pursued with great avidity: the process of chasing them is chiefly executed by criminals confined in, or soldiers sent to, Siberia for the purpose of hunting these animals. The persons thus employed are obliged to supply a certain number of skins, which they endeavour to preserve by shooting with a single ball, and often with cross bows and single arrows. As the means of encouraging the hunters, the superintendant allots a certain quota of the animals as a reward for their assiduity, which serves as an incitement for their attaining great dexterity. These animals are often caught by baits, as the hunters, who usually advance in parties of forty or fifty, lay ingenious snares for them.

The sable lives in the holes of decayed trees, or under their roots, but often on rocky eminences. In these recesses they abide for the space of twelve hours, and spend the remainder of their time in searching for food: their nests are formed of moss, turf, and branches of trees: when the snow falls, they secrete themselves in their habitations till it dissolves. They subsist on rats, fishes, pine tops, and wild fruits: the females bring forth about the end of March, and have from three to five young at a litter. In summer the sable preys on hares, ermines, weasels, and squirrels; in autumn, on the fruit of various trees; and in winter on birds.

When we reflect that the beauty of the sable's fur, that of the ermine, and of various other animals, serves as an incitement for man to pursue and destroy them merely for the purpose

purpose of ministering to his luxurious appearance and local pomp, Humanity droops her head, whilst Cruelty elevates her daring crest! Pride and vanity foster so many kindred vices, that their gradations cannot be traced but by their consequences; and such is the inconsistency of human nature, that many individuals affect to be susceptible of pity on certain unimportant occasions, and remain torpid and inflexibly indifferent on those which require the strongest efforts of sympathetic sensibility.

The sable is also found in North America: the fur of this kind is more glossy than the Siberian, of a bright chesnut hue, but of a coarser texture. The next branch of the weasel tribe is

THE FISHER.

This animal has a black nose, strong stiff whiskers, six small weasel-like teeth in the upper and under jaw; four grinding teeth in the upper jaw; six large canine teeth; in the lower jaw six grinding teeth; the ears broad and round, dusky on their exterior part, and edged with white; the face and sides of the neck, pale brown or cinereous, interminged with black; the hair on the back, belly, legs, and tail, black, of a brownish hue at their base; the sides brown; the feet very broad, and even the soles covered with hair; five toes on the fore feet; usually four, but sometimes five, on the hind, armed with strong sahrp crooked claws; the fore legs shorter than the hind; the tail full and bushy, seventeen inches long, and smallest at the extremity; the length of the body, from nose to tail, about twenty-eight inches. This species inhabits North America, and, notwithstanding its denomination, does not prey on fish, but small quadupeds.

(To be continued.)

The YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

(Continued from page 501.)

LETTER XXXIV.

Eliza to Felicia.

WHAT a change, my dear Felicia, will time and reflexion accomplish! Two months only has Frederic been here; and I firmly believe him to be already more than half cured of his unfortunate passion. During the early period of his residence with me, he was gloomy and dejected: distraction appeared in his countenance; a listless languor was discernible in all his actions: and though the native goodness of his heart, which I find you have not at all exaggerated, prompted him to every exertion of cheerful politeness and attention to me, yet it was sufficiently evident that those exertions were the effects of constraint, and that, if decency had permitted, he would have preferred to my company and conversation a life of moping silence and torpid inaction.

I tenderly pitied the youth, as well on his own account, as on yours; and I strove, by every mean in my power, to distract his thoughts, and engage his attention on other objects. The examination of my late husband's papers—the balancing of his accompts—the settling with his creditors, and obtaining payment of the sums due to him—afforded Frederic ample occupation during the chief part of the day, and diverted his imagination from dwelling upon an object which every consideration of religion, honor, decency, peace, prompted me to wish for ever banished from his remembrance.

So far, indeed, I was successful in keeping his attention busily engaged.

gaged. And, since I found by experience the good effects produced on his mind by employment and bustle, I determined that he should not too soon feel the want of it. Accordingly, foreseeing, that, in consequence of his uncommon clearness of conception, his incomparable accuracy of calculation, his intuitive skill in business, and his unparalleled expedition in transacting it, he was likely to have my affairs settled much sooner than it would be proper to leave his thoughts at liberty to return to their former channel, I put into practice the following innocent stratagem, for which I think I may, without vanity or presumption, lay claim to no common share of praise; since, in adopting it, I have voluntarily submitted to a great sacrifice, and done considerable violence to my own feelings.

You know, my dear Felicia, how ardently I long for the happy hour which shall leave me at liberty to accept your friendly invitation, and to make your house my home for life: you know, too, how earnestly I wish to accomplish the final settlement of my deceased husband's accompts, the delay of which event is the only circumstance that has hitherto retarded my impatience to fly to your arms. Well, Felicia, notwithstanding all this, I have purposely thrown difficulties in Frederic's way, to embarrass and retard him in his progress, and create for him a sufficient fund of employment. For example, in several cases where I knew the delay would not be attended with any danger or inconvenience, I have designedly set a paper astray that would have enabled him in a few minutes to balance an accompt, which then required two or three days to adjust from the careful and tedious comparison of a multitude of separate entries in various books, and detached receipts and memorandums on the files. In more than one instance he has settled accompts which had been finally settled many years before. Sometimes, too, when a visit on business was expected, and my presence was necessary, I feigned illness, for the purpose of protracting the affair, and preserving your friend Frederic from the dire misfortune of having nothing to do. For, let me tell you, Felicia——though I presume you know it as well as I—that idleness is, if not the parent, at least the nurse, of love; and the most effectual preservative against that passion, or the best remedy to cure it where it has already affected the bosom, is busy employment and bustle. Hence an ancient poet—a great master in love matters—says (as I have seen the passage quoted by one of our moral writers) "Remove idleness: you blunt the point of Cupid's arrows, and extinguish the flame of his torch *:" which remark, though not in all cases free from exception, is, I believe, in general, tolerably true.

I have much more to say concerning Frederic, and particularly respecting the symptoms (which I have not yet mentioned to you) that seem to prognosticate his radical and not very distant cure. But, having been interrupted in the writing of my letter, which I had begun at an early hour in the full intention of making it a very long epistle—and the postman being now on the point of departure—I must abruptly conclude. Adieu, my dear Felicia! May the peace of virtue and innocence gild your waking hours, and smile happiness on your dreams! Adieu!

* Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemtæque jacent et sine luce faces.
OVID. Rem. 139.

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LETTER XXXV.

Felicia to Eliza.

Your last letter, my dear Eliza, has given me the greatest pleasure—yes, Eliza, real sincere heart-felt pleasure. I rejoice to learn that there is a prospect of at length seeing poor Frederic "*radically*" cured (as you say) of his illegitimate and romantic passion. From my own experience, I judge that such cures are not quite so difficult as many people erroneously imagine: and I believe the remedy which you mention—viz. constant employment and bustle—to be one of sovereign efficacy.

It is true, indeed, that, if the application of the medicine be too long neglected—if, instead of laboring to remove the malady, we on the contrary cherish and feed it in silence, and suffer it to grow inveterate by delay—it may, and most probably will, at last become incurable: nor have I a doubt that it proves so in many bosoms, from which, by prudent and seasonable exertions, it might have been effectually eradicated.

The whole danger lies in neglecting to resist the first impressions, under whatever aspect they may present themselves to our imagination, whether of pity, or esteem, or positive love. First I pitied poor Frederic's sufferings: for, what woman, who is not a compound of selfishness and pride and cruelty, would not sympathise in the pains of an amiable youth whose misery was solely caused by his affection for her? Well! I pitied him—I only pitied him; and so far I was certainly not to blame. But here, Eliza, stands the rock against which a woman requires all her prudence and caution to avoid making shipwreck of her peace at least, if not also of her virtue. We begin by pitying: and that peculiar species of pity which we feel on such an occasion, if too long and habitually indulged, is too apt to ripen into a more tender sentiment, which may, under certain circumstances, prove subversive of the peace, honor, and reputation, of the female who unfortunately harbours it in her bosom.

Thus it threatened to fare with me. The daily and hourly sensation of pity for Frederic's cruel condition—joined with my esteem of his truly amiable qualities—had the effect of gradually softening and melting my heart to love—downright love—of which it is impossible to foresee what might have been the consequences if I had not summoned up courage and resolution to send him into honorable exile from my presence, since I could not otherwise seclude myself from his society, or enjoy the opportunity of even striving to forget him.

I confess, however, Eliza, that, in one respect, my conduct—or, rather, my omission to act—was indubitably and highly censurable—that is to say, in neglecting to take that decisive step so soon as, for his and my own and my husband's peace, I ought to have taken it. Nevertheless, as both my actions and my heart have been and still continue innocent and pure, I hope I may, in your eyes and those of the Almighty, stand exculpated from any more heinous imputation than that of thoughtless imprudence, which was solely the effect of my youth and inexperience. And, after all, I feel, by the state of my own bosom, that it was not, with respect to myself, too late to apply the remedy: and from your letter I have the satisfaction of learning, that, with regard to Frederic too, it was not delayed till his wound was past all hope of cure.

From what I have experienced on this cruel occasion, I lay it down as a rule, that, from the moment when a woman first begins to feel what she may conceive to be nothing more than simple pure disinterested pity for the love-pangs of one of the other sex on whom she cannot legitimately bestow her hand together with her heart, she stands on the brink of a precipice, which totters beneath her feet, and from which she has no other mean of escaping than instantaneous flight. She should hurry from the dangerous spot with her utmost speed, and without once casting a single glance behind. If, like Lot's wife, she look back—like Lot's wife, she is surely undone. She should cease to see the object of her pity, cease to hear of him, cease, if possible, to think of him. Thus alone can she hope to preserve her own peace of mind; and thus she may perhaps in the end contribute to the recovery of his.

Such, I trust, will be the happy consequence of the separation which I have effected between Frederic and myself.—Believe me, Eliza, when in the utmost sincerity of my heart I assure you—and invoke the all-seeing searcher of hearts to attest the truth of my asseveration—that, although I at first severely felt the pain of the separation, I never for one moment entertained a wish to prevent it, or even harboured the slightest regret for having proposed the measure. And so far am I at this hour from repining at Frederic's absence, that I rejoice at it, and seriously pray that he may not return to my presence till time have completely obliterated from his bosom as well as mine every remaining trace of those tender emotions which the sight of each other was heretofore accustomed mutually to excite. Nay, I almost wish that I may never again behold him: for although, from my present sensations, I do not believe it in any degree probable, yet I cannot presume to assert that it is absolutely impossible, that a meeting between us, or at least the constant habit of seeing and conversing with each other, might once more revive former ideas, which ought to be consigned to eternal oblivion.

At all events, I have no occasion to form a single wish for his society. I was happy in that of my husband before I ever set my eyes upon Frederic. Now that he is removed from my sight, I am again happy, or nearly happy, and am every day becoming more and more so. Indeed the conduct of the worthy and amiable monsieur de Belleville throughout the whole of this trying business has been such as has endeared him to me beyond what I ever could have conceived possible.

Heretofore, I esteemed him, it is true—I respected, I revered him: I bore to him the warmest goodwill, and formed the most ardent wishes for his welfare; nor would I have hesitated to submit to the greatest and most painful of sacrifices for the sake of promoting his happiness. Yet, with all this, I felt not for him that more refined and tender sentiment which alone can truly be denominated love. Now—would you believe it, my Eliza?—I have lately begun to love him—Yes, my dear friend! 'tis something more warm and exalted than esteem or respect or reverence, or all together, that I now feel for him—in short, it is something strongly resembling what I once felt for Frederic—with this difference, however, that my present sensations are of a more pleasing tranquil kind, unaccompanied by those turbid tumultuous emotions, that uneasy fear and anxiety, that secret sense of shame,

shame, which were the inseparate attendants of that passion—by whatever name you may please to call it—which Frederic had excited in my bosom.

The tenderness, the delicacy, the caution, the sympathy, which my worthy husband has displayed in his whole conduct to me since the time when he first discovered the impression that Frederic had made on my heart—the consolatory admonitions by which he has labored to strengthen my virtuous resolution, and enable me to sustain the arduous conflict in which he saw me engaged between duty and passion—the pains he has taken to divert my melancholy and enliven my thoughts by parties of pleasure, music, dancing, reading—the efforts he has made to impress me with a belief that he never once had entertained an idea of my having for a moment harboured an illegitimate passion, and that it was with the sole view of guarding Frederic's inexperienced and too susceptible heart from the involuntary effect of my charms, that he consented at my request to send the youth away—in short, his every word, his every action, exalt monsieur de Belleville in my eyes to the rank of a demi-god, and render him the object, not only of my love, but of my adoration.

Adieu, my dear Eliza! Be sure that you provide a sufficiency of business to employ Frederic for a long time to come. And *à-propos,* as he has a great thirst for knowledge, suppose you were to inspire him with a desire to learn English and German; in both which languages, as I have been informed by very excellent judges, there are many most valuable books, of which our French literati have either given us no translations at all, or such translations as convey but a very faint and inadequate idea of the originals. Should you once succeed in bringing him to relish such a scheme, you will have fixed him in Paris for a year or two, as it is there only that he can enjoy the advantage of receiving the necessary instruction from competent masters.—Adieu!

LETTER XXXV.

Eliza to Felicia.

Your protestations, my dear Felicia, were by no means necessary to convince me of the virtuous purity of your heart, or to confirm the belief which I have ever entertained, that, even if the unfortunate passion had been suffered to gain such powerful ascendency in your breast as to prove absolutely unconquerable and to threaten your very existence itself, still you would rather choose to enrol your name among the martyrs of unsullied virtue than yield to the illegitimate impulse, and would prefer a lingering death to a single moment of dishonor. I was too well acquainted with your rigid principles to have suspected that you could ever be capable of an actual violation of conjugal duty, or even of a wish in any wise derogatory to it. But I knew your heart to be susceptible of tender impressions, and your imagination to be warm; whence I dreaded the violent effects of the struggle to which I foresaw that you must be exposed.

That struggle, thank heaven! has been productive to you of a complete and brilliant victory: you have gloriously triumphed over a strong passion, which, in the bosom of a woman endued with less prudence and fortitude than you have inherited from nature, might have been attended with the most fatal consequences.

The severe lesson which you have derived from your experience on this

this occasion, will serve you as a constant and salutary memento, to caution you against the most distant approaches of any thing like love for any individual of the other sex, your husband alone excepted. And, from my intimate knowledge of your heart and your understanding, I am persuaded you will so amply profit by the lesson, that I henceforward may safely pronounce you a woman exalted above the reach of temptation, how alluring soever the form under which it may presume to approach you.

But, to resume my unfinished purpose respecting Frederic—Having, as already mentioned in my former letter, provided a sufficient fund of occupation for him during the fore part of the day, it was my next care to keep his attention employed likewise during the evenings and nights, and thus prevent his thoughts from reverting to their wonted channel. With that view, I studied to engage him in constant parties at home and abroad, took him to plays, balls, masquerades, and, in short, hardly left him a vacant moment for reflexion.

Among the circle of my acquaintance, I particularly selected two individuals, into whose company I contrived to throw him as frequently as possible. The one is the virtuous and truly venerable abbé de Beaulieu, the rector of our parish, whose pathetic sermons have been known to reclaim so many youths of both sexes from the paths of vice. The other is mademoiselle de Terville——perhaps you may recollect her—for she well remembers you. But, if you do not, suffice it to say that she is equally conspicuous for the charms of an uncommonly elegant person as for consummate goodness of heart and rigid purity of principles, together with more than manly strength of understanding and brilliancy of imagination, recommended by a suavity and energy of elocution, such as seldom falls to the lot of one person in a million.

While, by the incessant round of employments and amusements, I labored to prevent Frederic's malady from growing worse, I hoped, by the means of these two friends, to effect a complete cure. Nay, I even ventured to indulge the pleasing idea that mademoiselle de Terville might preclude the disease from ever returning: for, between you and me, it is no short time since I actually formed the project of a matrimonial union between him and her; and let me add that I am delighted beyond measure to see the business already in a promising train. But it is necessary to step back, and relate events in their proper and successive order.

Soon after Frederic's arrival here, I introduced him to the abovementioned abbé de Beaulieu and mademoiselle de Terville, whose company I contrived to engage for almost every evening, but more particularly when the evening was not appropriated to a larger party. With them we either conversed at home or went to the play: and, in my choice of days for our parties to the theatre, I paid strict regard to the nature of the pieces which were to be acted, carefully avoiding all such as might be likely to add fuel to Frederic's flame, and taking him to see none but those of a sprightly turn, or of a moral and virtuous tendency.—In our discourses, I frequently started subjects connected with social duty, matrimonial happiness, honor, virtue, on which the venerable abbé descanted with all the warmth and *onction* of an apostle, while mademoiselle de Terville seconded his arguments with all the acuteness and energy of an angel.

During

During the first days of his acquaintance with them, their reasonings used to throw Frederic into gloomy rêveries, from which he would sometimes suddenly start, biting his lips, knitting his brows, changing his color from crimson to pale, from pale to the deepest crimson.—After a while he would listen to their discourses with placid tranquillity, and occasionally take a part in the argumentation. About a month since, I observed that their conversation began to give him pleasure, particularly that of mademoiselle de Terville, whose absence he seemed much to regret whenever she happened not to be of our party.

Hence I derived a favorable omen, and secretly exulted in the fair prospect of success which promised to attend my scheme, and which appeared the more probable, as, instead of books of a romantic cast—which had been his sole reading for some time after his arrival in Paris—he now delighted in works of a more philosophic and moral turn, and never failed in the morning to send to the circulating library for any remarkable book of that cast which mademoiselle de Terville or the abbé had quoted in the conversation of the preceding evening.

But I have yet to inform you of the most striking incident in Frederic's history—an incident which will form a remarkable æra in his life.

About a week ago, all Paris was in a buz, in consequence of an affair of galantry between a young military Adonis and the wife of a monsieur de Malecorne, which terminated in a duel, that cost the unfortunate husband his life. I eagerly took advantage of this event; and, giving orders for the exclusion of every other visitant, I secured for the evening the company of the abbé and of mademoiselle de Terville, to both of whom I previously gave their cue, without mentioning names or assigning reasons.

Our little party had not long been assembled, when, amid the other topics of the day, the conversation (as had been preconcerted between my two visitors and myself) hinged on the tragical death of the worthy and much-injured monsieur de Malecorne. The abbé inveighed against the enormity of the double crime committed by the galant, in such a strain as made Frederic shudder through his whole frame. The observations of mademoiselle de Terville improved his shivering-fit almost to an ague; and I more than once fancied I could perceive his hair bristle on end.—At length, seeing his extreme agitation—and fearing lest the mental agony under which he suffered should prove too violent for his irritable feelings if further increased—I gave a different turn to the discourse, and introduced subjects of a more sprightly animating nature.

Frederic, however, took little share in the subsequent conversation, but remained during the chief part of the time immersed in a profound rêverie, from which he now and then started, only to rivet his eyes on mademoiselle de Terville. After our party had broken up, and she had taken her leave, Frederic, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, emphatically swore that she was not a woman, but a Seraph in human shape, who had descended from the realms of bliss to teach virtue to mankind.

The conversation of the evening made, it is evident, a deep and serious impression on Frederic's mind: for he went not to rest on retiring to his chamber, but continued to walk up and down the apartment during the greater portion of the night. Next morning, the hearth exhibited the

remains

remains of a quantity of burned papers—the same, I presume, which, as they occasionally lay forgotten on his table, the curiosity of my maid had long since discovered to be songs and sonnets of his composition, and of which *you*, Felicia, were the sole theme. A miniature also, of which I once casually obtained a sight at the house of my jeweler to whom he had given it to be set soon after his arrival in Paris—and which was a very striking likeness of *you*, drawn (by Frederic himself, I suppose) in Indian ink—seems to have shared the same fate: for the gold mounting and the crystal, without the picture, were found on his table in the morning.

At breakfast he appeared tolerably composed, though, by the account of the servants, he had not slept above a couple of hours.—I had previously intended to introduce the name of mademoiselle de Terville: but Frederic anticipated me; for, scarcely were the first compliments of the morning interchanged, when he burst forth into a torrent of rapturous panegyric on that "*Seraph in human shape*," and eagerly inquired how soon he might again hope to enjoy the happiness of her "*divine*" conversation, uninterrupted by the noise and confusion of a numerous party?

"This evening," I replied.

"This evening!" repeated Frederic with joy and delight beaming in his eyes: and, during the whole day, he hardly did any thing else than count the hours, looking every five minutes at his watch, and exclaiming that it certainly must have stopped.

For the present I am constrained to interrupt my narrative, as I hear a knock at the door, announcing the expected arrival of an unfortunate but honest merchant, who, after having swam through an ocean of difficulties, is at length enabled to make good every engagement, and is come to settle an accompt, and pay a considerable sum of money which had been long due to my husband.——Adieu!

(To be continued.)

The EXECUTION *of Counts* EGMONT *and* HORN*.

THE Spanish warriors and the Spanish fleet were advancing against the Batavians by sea and by land. Alva still delays for a while in Brussels: impatient to march against the enemies, and efface in their blood the remembrance of their triumphs and his own disgrace, he fears to leave his prisoners behind, and his fury demands the instant immolation of new victims. Thus rages and hesitates the lioness after having carried off the most formidable of their canine guardians from the flock of the shepherd who has robbed her of her young: she wishes to rescue them from the hands of the ravisher, but fears to lose her prey: furious, she tears the quivering limbs of her captive, devours them, and, smeared with his blood, runs to glut her revenge with fresh carnage.

The ready minister of Alva's cruelty, Vargas appears in his presence. "You have given orders," said he, "still more to enlarge the already capacious prisons, which are yet too narrow to contain the vast multitude of prisoners. But why resort to a process which experience proves to be too slow? Let the gibbets and the scaffolds clear those receptacles of their present occupants,

* From "*The Batavians, or Virtue and Valour crowned by Perseverance*," a translation, in two volumes, from a celebrated production of the elegant and ingenious Bitaubé.

pants, and make room for a new succession of criminals. Hitherto you have shed none but vile plebeian blood: now is the moment when it behoves you, by the most tremendous strokes of justice, to terrify Nassau, the Batavians, and the Belgians. A countless host of citizens, prepared to overthrow every barrier that opposes their designs, only await the instant of your departure to burst the chains of Egmont and Horn. When once those two lions shall have been let loose, to what lengths will not their rage proceed! and who can foresee the extent of their vengeance?

"Has not Philip invested you with the supreme authority in these provinces? And is it not upon your head that the tempest of his wrath will burst when he learns the successes of that rebellion which you had before quelled, and which seemed to be for-ever extinct? If the report of those successes, and that of the death of these chiefs whom he abhors, were to reach his ear at the same moment,·····The Belgian nation honors them like two divinities: let her see them mount the scaffold, and let her tremble."

A look from Alva announces to Vargas that he had penetrated his designs.

Immediately Alva issues his sanguinary orders; each moment is marked with successive deaths; and, in dire gradation, more and still more illustrious victims are dragged forth to the streaming scaffolds. There, as in the field of war, the blood flows amid the din of drums and trumpets—tremendous but unavailing tumult! The sighs, indeed, of the suffering victims and of the afflicted spectators are not heard: but soul speaks to soul in energetic communion: the imprecations of indignant myriads do not reach the ears of their tyrants, but they loudly echo round the throne of heaven.

At length Alva thinks that the people, now familiarised to these cruel spectacles, view with indifference the blood of their defenders flowing on the scaffolds.

Meantime Egmont and Horn, guarded with the most rigid strictness, vainly endeavoured to acquire information concerning each other's fate, and concerning the fate of their oppressed country. Their jailors sternly persevered in sinister silence. From the clang of the martial clarions, the rumbling of the drums, and the thunder of the artillery, which resound to the gloomy abode of those captive heroes, the valiant Horn concludes that the Belgians are engaged in combating their tyrants: he fancies he hears the uproar of battle, the clash of arms, and the shouts of victory: in imagination he beholds the valour of his countrymen crowned with triumph; and he burns with indignation to see himself confined in chains. Such, the generous lion, dragged far from the rocks and groves of his sylvan domain, and inclosed a captive in a narrow cell, with angry roar, asks himself what is become of his once invincible force,—while he bristles his shaggy mane, shakes the bars of his prison, and intimidates even his daring keeper. But when the mind of Horn contemplates the painful image of the Belgian sinking under the overpowering strength of Philip, and involving the Batavian in his fall, he sighs on seeing himself denied the consolation of expiring on the sacred ruins of his country, and mingling his blood with that of so many heroes.

The gentle and tender soul of Egmont, alternately agitated by the same sentiments, is besieged by an adored wife and children—feels their pains with sympathetic anguish—and shudders at the prospect of their future destiny.

In vain the two heroes raise their voices,

voices, and direct their discourse to each other: their words cannot penetrate the impermeable thickness of the massive walls which separate them. "Ah! exclaimed Horn, "must then the soul, whose sentiments can preserve themselves free even under the weight of chains, be confined a captive in this perishable body? It can burst its prison; and, disengaged from these earthly bonds, may it not yet concur in achieving great enterprises? Egmont! let us take our flight from earth! let our disembodied souls strike terror into the hearts of tyrants, and resuscitate prostrate liberty!····· But Cato died a willing victim by his own hand; and yet, ill-fated Rome! his shade could not preserve thee from the chains of slavery."

Meanwhile the consort of Egmont, learning that the fatal decree is pronounced, falls senseless to the ground. Recalled to life, she rushes from her palace, and, wearing the pale imprint of death on her features, hastes with tottering steps to the prison, and on her knees earnestly supplicates the stern guardian of that dire abode. "If your heart," said she, "be not callous to the touch of pity, grant, o! grant me the favor of clasping my dear lord for the last time in these arms."

Her tears are yet more affecting than her entreaties: but the barbarian spurns both her entreaties and her tears. She rises—runs to the surrounding guards—melts their hearts—reaches the prison-gates—and with doleful cries invokes the partner of her chaste love—"Egmont! my beloved Egmont! come receive, not my last embraces, but my sighs, which alone can penetrate these barriers····Thou answerest not! alas! is the deadly blow already struck?"

Slowly advancing from the bottom of his dungeon, "What voice," said he, "thus addresses the unfortunate Egmont? from whose lips flow these accents of pity? Ha! 'tis thou, Sabina! Alas! what seek'st thou in this place? Fly! quickly fly! let not the ken of the tyrants discover thee here!"

"Egmont! ill-fated Egmont!" ····In uttering these words, a universal tremor shook her agitated frame, and her voice was frozen on her tongue.

"Com'st thou," said he, "to announce my approaching doom?—Death is the friend of the unfortunate, and will stamp my fame with the seal of immortality."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Sabina, "shall the ministers of death come and seise their victim in my presence? shall I rush through their horid ranks to clasp him in my embraces? or shall I be rudely thrust back by their blood-stained hands?"—Chilled with horror, she for a moment paused····

The unfortunate Egmont called to his afflicted consort, and addressed to her his last adieux. On each side they imprint their pale lips on the prison-doors: on each side, their hands are extended against those doors, as if seeking to meet in fond embraces:—unavailing efforts!—their sighs alone are permitted to mingle, and their tears flow in streams to the threshold beneath.—At length Sabina is torn from the spot, bereft of sense and motion.

At the same instant the hero's dungeon is thrown open. He casts his eyes around in every direction, and calls for his spouse. "'Twas not an illusion," said he: "in this place, at this moment, I heard her voice, her mournful sighs: here I received her tender adieux: here flowed her tears. They have then torn her from me! they have envied me the consolation of clasping her

her for the last time to my bosom, and endeavouring to support her drooping fortitude!—or, wounded with mortal grief, has she fled before me to the regions of death?"

He still continued to speak, nor did any of the surrounding band open his lips to relieve him from this cruel uncertainty, when he perceived a body of guards advancing, and in the midst of them his friend Horn. The two chiefs obtain the sad favor of going to meet death together: they approach each other, and, locked in mutual embraces, indulge in the most lively transports of friendship.—While they advance toward the scaffold—

"Dear Horn!" cries Egmont, "I see thee once more—for a few moments:—let us enjoy this short indulgence.—Valiant Horn! that warriors should thus close their career!....Be not surprised that my soul is a prey to affliction: 'tis I who am the cause of your death. Perhaps I could have avoided appearing in the palace of Alva, where, under the veil of peace, were concealed the snares of the most perfidious treachery:—I repaired thither in opposition to your advice: at that early period you foresaw this fatal apparatus—this scaffold—the steps that conduct us to it: but your generous friendship, your unshaken courage, scorned to abandon me! My friend! 'tis I who deliver you into the hands of the executioner."—Then lowering his voice to a whisper, "Can we not snatch some weapon from the grasp of our tyrants? I am determined to rescue you from the stroke which I have drawn down upon your head: or, if our efforts prove ineffectual, let us immortalise our last moments, and perish by our own hands!"

"My friend!" replied Horn, "banish these complaints and reproaches: suppress your grief, which is unworthy of your great soul, and degrading to me. In the hope of saving my life, you wished to go alone to the palace of the tyrant: but I prefer accompanying you here rather than to have basely abandoned you on that occasion. I am content to share the fate of Egmont.—Alva, to whose pride and hatred and policy we are sacrificed, shall no longer be able to separate us. Let us, in these last moments, indulge the purest and noblest sentiments of friendship; and let our souls together soar contented to the immortal abodes of virtue and happiness.....

"No doubt, my mind recoils at the idea that I must submit to the stroke of death without exerting my arm in defence, and must fall like a feeble unresisting victim.—Ah! what charms I should find in death on a different theatre! what a glorious funeral, to descend to the grave surrounded by a crowd of our tyrants, whom our courage had leveled in the dust!—But, though unarmed, we are strictly watched; and our utmost efforts are incapable of accomplishing any thing beyond our own destruction. Our death on the scaffold will be still more conspicuous, and more useful to our country. Never will the Belgian and the Batavian—if they unite my name with yours, as I am united with you in the same fate—never will they forget that Egmont and Horn, aspiring to the honor of fighting in defence of liberty, were scarcely allowed to enjoy a glimpse of the glorious career which lay before them, when they perished under the axe of the executioner.

"A magnanimous hope elevates me above this apparatus of death which strikes the eyes of the multitude. The nation for whom we are about to spill our blood—their posterity—other nations, who shall be

be informed of the reward gained by our unshakable attachment to the laws and to justice—will, from our ashes, see a race of heroes spring up among them, whose swords shall be wielded in the defence of liberty, and whose courage will be irresistible. Yes, my friend, the scaffold is the theatre of our most brilliant victory; and to thee, Philip, I announce, that the same blow which strikes off our heads, will strike off one of the diadems from thine!

"But perhaps the Belgian and the Batavian have already signalised their valour: perhaps, in ascending the scaffold, we participate in their triumph! Crowned with victory, Nassau is perhaps at this moment rapidly marching to our rescue, and it is only the vengeance and terror of our tyrants that hasten the moment of our execution."

Fired with this animating idea, the two heroes together exclaim—O Nassau! Belgians! Batavians! O liberty! thrice happy Egmont and Horn, if your triumphs are the cause of their death!"

At the same time they turn their eyes in every direction, silently interrogating the surrounding multitude on so important a subject: but at this moment every countenance presents them with the strong impression of grief and dismay—when suddenly a female form advances. She is not seen to shed tears: her features and her majestic port engage the attention of every beholder; and her sorrow wears the character of sublimity. The crowd, influenced as it were by a divine impulse, yield her a ready passage; and even the soldiers, awed by a sentiment of respect which they are unable to control, open their ranks before her:—so powerful the sway of virtue over all hearts!—She penetrates into the inclosure toward which the devoted heroes are advancing.

"Horn!" she exclaims with steady voice—"thy fortitude is transfused into the bosom of thy ill-fated spouse. Thou art denied my parting embraces: but I can still more effectually alleviate to thee the horrors of death. Attend to the words of my last adieu—learn, Horn and Egmont, that you fall the victims of vengeance. William, Barneveldt, and the rest of your friends, were approaching to burst your chains. Vorn has already yielded to their arms: Holland and Zealand are at this moment free!"

Astonished at her boldness, the soldiers push her aside: the transported multitude view her with admiration; while Horn and Egmont, melted in rapturous ecstasy, dart looks of gratitude toward that heroine animated with supernatural virtue.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE:

(Continued from p. 422.)

ON their return through the town, Emily, accidentally turning her eyes towards a window at which some persons were standing, saw the identical officer whom, from some unknown impulse, she had wished again to meet. On seeing her look, he very politely bowed. Conscious that she had carried her curiosity too far, she hastily turned her face another way, but not without her father's observing her confusion. He asked her if she knew the gentleman who bowed? Emily answered in the negative: but her apparent embarrassment convinced him she had some particular reason for her confusion, and more than she chose to mention to him; which certainly

certainly was the case, as her whole acquaintance with Norton was entirely concealed from him; and this officer's striking resemblance to him had given occasion for her confusion when he bowed to her, and which had attracted Mr. Veronne's observation.

The officer in question was captain Thomas, belonging to a regiment of cavalry, part of which were stationed in the town, and were drawing up to exercise when first he saw Emily pass. Much pleased with her appearance, he inquired where she resided; and finding she must again pass through the town to return home, he placed himself purposely at the window, again to behold her who at first sight had made such an impression on his mind. In his second view of her he was even more charmed than before; he thought he could perceive, in her expressive countenance, a bosom fraught with every virtue, and determined to become acquainted with her; yet knew not how to manage it, as she had no acquaintance in the town to whom he could apply to introduce him. He knew of no method more likely to effect his most ardent wish, than to join them in their ride, and by some means commence a discourse with her father. This plan he thought most likely to succeed.

The next morning, after breakfast, Emily begged her father to relate the conclusion of his narrative; which he very readily consented to do, and began as follows:

Emily, I think when I left off we had escaped numberless perils, and the few surviving sufferers were safely landed on the coast of Guiana, with a resolution to escape from the French territories and make for the nighest Dutch settlement. On our way through the country, we met with many parties of natives, whom we found to be a peaceable inoffensive race of beings, intent on hunting and fishing, their only means of subsistence. I have often viewed their harmless pursuits with pleasure: they brought strongly to my recollection those lines of Pope in his Essay on Man:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind!
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world, in depths of woods embrac'd;
Some happier island, in the wat'ry waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
To be contents his natural desire—
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

After travelling a few days we happened to meet in one of their parties an Englishman; to whom we related our misfortunes. He very willingly undertook to conduct us to the nearest Dutch settlement; where we soon embarked on board a vessel bound for England. And now once more were our spirits elated with the pleasing idea of reaching home in safety: but, as Cowper so justly says,

........"how fallacious is all earthly bliss!
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss!
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year;
But short's the date of all we gather here."

So, my Emily, did we truly find it; for, scarcely had we lost sight of land ere we discovered two corsairs making towards us: they soon came up with, and attacked us very furiously.

riously. Our captain, a man of undaunted courage, not in the least intimidated at their superior strength, by his animated perseverance encouraged his men, leading them on almost to acts of desperation. But their numbers prevailed; most of our brave men falling victims to their superior strength. The obstinate resistance we made, surprised and exasperated them much, as they expected immediate possession of both ship and cargo; which they no sooner gained, than the few surviving officers and sailors were heavily ironed—and, though almost expiring with fatigue, and loss of blood from the wounds they had received, were threatened with instant death, if they showed the smallest symptoms of resistance, or even discontent. Thus for days we continued groaning under our heavy burden, till we were retaken by the French; when hope of better usage re-visited our comfortless breasts; worse we knew it was impossible should be inflicted. But no better fate awaited us. Soon were we hurried into a French port, and there all imprisoned as pirates. There was no probability of our being brought to trial, as the city in which our prison was situated had long been convulsed by alarming insurrections, which the principal inhabitants were daily endeavouring to suppress; consequently had no time or inclination to attend to a few unfortunate creatures confined for piracy. Thus during many wearisome months we dragged on a wretched existence. Neither our complaints nor sufferings reached the ears of our persecutors; we were totally unknown to all who possessed one spark of humanity, and visited only by our keeper, an uncouth gigantic barbarian, whose bare aspect was enough to strike terror into every beholder, and whose bad disposition exceeded if possible his external appearance. He treated us with the utmost cruelty: our tears and entreaties were never noticed except by threatening menaces and heavy blows; the inflexible brute triumphed in our sufferings. One day I ventured to reason with him on the excess to which his wickedness was carried; and asked him how he could act thus, when he might so shortly be summoned before the awful tribunal of an offended judge, to give an account of his actions. My daring to converse on a subject his vile spirit was so ill calculated to hear, aroused his anger: he knocked me down with a club that he had in his hand, and dragged me far away from my companions in distress, to a distant part of the prison—even more dismal than that I had left, and rendered doubly so by my having no human creature to whom I could unburden my bosom, as all intercourse with the rest of the prisoners was denied me.

The dungeon in which I was confined was in a rough stone edifice, founded on a rocky promontory which projected far into the ocean. The frequent dashing of the spray had gradually decreased the cliff on which my comfortless dwelling was situated; so that the caverns underneath struck terror into the breast of the most intrepid spectator. Few vessels dared approach, for fear the whole bulk of building should fall on their heads. Thus I had no hopes of making my miserable situation known. Scarce could I reach the grating of my cell; and when I did, I could only thrust my hand through the bars. I could indeed see the ships going out of and entering the harbour; but such a height was I from them, that they appeared, as Shakespeare says,

..........."almost too small for sight.

The

"The fishermen, that walk'd upon the beach,
Appear'd like mice.........The murm'ring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chaf'd,
Could not be heard so high."

During the summer months the sea breezes were very refreshing: but I suffered severely from the same source in the winter; the hollow winds, whistling through the gratings, striking a death-like numbness into the limbs of the unfortunate prisoners, whose low faltering murmurs, and distant clanking of chains, were all the sounds that met my ears, except the noise of the sailors in the harbour far beneath me. The sun, when it arose in all its glory over the great deep, cast a temporary gleam of light into my cell, by which I could see it was composed of massive stone, the door strongly secured, so that no hopes remained of escaping. Weak and emaciated; borne down with mental and bodily anguish; having scarce food enough to supply the cravings of nature, my scanty pittance being daily placed before me by the inhuman keeper; all books, all rational amusement denied me; the chill wintry winds and suffocating heat alone informed me of the alteration of the seasons.

Thus many many long comfortless months rolled on; when one morning, I shall ever remember, the sun arose in a confused and lowering manner. It had been a very tempestuous night, and I then thought the rays of that glorious luminary, darting through the heavy gloomy clouds, appeared unusually awful: but, however ominous I then conjectured it might be, it proved a joyful omen to me.

I sat pensively ruminating on my wayward fate, when a distant sound of wrangling voices apparently in high debate met mine ears. A discharge of fire-arms soon followed. Not in the least intimidated, as death was preferable to the misery I endured, I sat still, fearless of danger, but was not suffered to remain long in suspense. My doors were suddenly burst open; my irons knocked off, a previous oath being taken of me that I would not bear arms against my persecutors. This I willingly agreed to, as liberty was acceptable at any price. When liberated, I soon found it was an insurrection in the city, which led to a general release of prisoners to espouse the cause of the insurgents. The first person I saw fall a victim to their fury was the inhuman keeper, for attempting to oppose them. Unfeeling as he had been, they practised the like barbarity, and put an end to his existence in an instant. I and two or three more, anxious to get to England, and shocked with the sad scene of bloodshed and confusion which reigned around, took advantage of their hurry, and fled to a secluded part of the seashore; where finding a fishing-smack, we entered it and put out to sea—where we soon fell in with an English vessel, to the captain of which we related our calamitous adventures. He hesitated not a moment to take us on board, and very humanely attended us himself, administering gradually such nourishment as our long abstinence required. We in consequence regained much of our strength before we reached England—which we soon did in perfect safety: and I was making the best of my way to Orville castle, when I met with the accident which brought me to the cottage where my long lost daughter was an inmate to receive me. —Such, my Emily, is the case with us in our pilgrimage through life. Storms arise, and for a time baffle every attempt to weather them; but

but if we steadfastly adhere to the principles of reason and virtue, we shall most assuredly gain the desired haven at last. It is the enlivening recollection of futurity, which alone enables so many unhappy beings to combat with the dire vicissitudes peculiar to mankind, and with that mild resignation we so often witness. Had it not been for that consideration, how could I have supported the indignities of the cruel keeper, and a long train of hardships? No! it would have been impossible: nature must have yielded to the poignancy of my anguish—but I knew there was at hand "another and a better world."

The mind of Emily was filled with veneration for that being who had so miraculously preserved her parent in all his dangers; but a tear started in her eyes to think Norton might very probably at that moment be involved in similar distresses. To conceal her emotion, she turned the conversation on indifferent subjects, which continued till they mounted their horses to take their usual morning ride. This they took (much delighted with the appearance of the surrounding country) some distance from the town.

On their return, Emily, to indulge her own fancy, rode cross a little thicket, with an intention of meeting her father, who, without missing her, kept straight along the road; when a dog rushing from the bushes frightened her horse, who plunged forward and threw her to the ground. Her father soon missed her, hastened back, and found her supported by the officer whom he the preceding day noticed at the window. He told him how the accident happened, showing the greatest solicitude to recover her from the fright, as she assured them she had sustained no other injury. He expressed his anxiety to think it was his dog which occasioned the accident; when Emily begged him to make no apology, as it was unnecessary, since she had received no injury; and Mr. Veronne thanked him for the assistance he had rendered his daughter. He then handed her to her horse, which she again mounted; and captain Thomas took his leave, requesting permission to inquire after the young lady's health on the morrow. This request Mr. Veronne could not with propriety refuse him, and he left them very reluctantly. Much as he felt for the danger Emily had been in, yet was he happy to think it gave him such an opportunity of rendering her assistance, as he had purposely rode that way with an intention of meeting them, trusting to chance for some subject to commence a conversation with them, on which to found the basis of an acquaintance he wished to form.

When Mr. Veronne and his daughter reached home, they were much disconcerted at the loss Emily had sustained in a valuable miniature of her mother, which she had of late worn suspended from her neck, and which had been her comforter in all her troubles. She immediately supposed it had been disengaged when she fell, and sent the servant to search for it—but no miniature could he find. Mr. Veronne, hurt beyond conception to think the likeness of a once beloved wife was lost, hurried to the spot, but returned alike unsuccessful. To appease Emily, he endeavoured to stifle his own feelings, saying, "If she would have her own likeness taken, the face of her mother would again appear:" adding, with a sigh, (the remembrance of former days occurring on his mind) "She was about your age when that was taken,

and

and as like you as two persons can possibly be to each other." The miniature thus sought for was in safe hands. Captain Thomas saw it fall, and in his confusion put it into his pocket, thinking it a good excuse to call and leave it, if other projects of visiting them should fail. But, when he left them, his mind, being deeply absorbed in thought of her alone, naturally resorted to every thing which related to her. The picture was taken from his pocket, and examined, and soon defeated all his designs of returning it to the owner. The sweetness of the countenance, the striking resemblance it bore to the lady he so much admired, raised it in his esteem to inestimable value. He could not summon sufficient resolution to part with it, but determined, if he failed in gaining the original, to keep the representation of one he must ever remember with delight.

(To be continued.)

NARRATIVE

OF THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF

ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTCH POET,

(Concluded from p. 479.)

(Concluded from p. 479.)

"MY father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm about ten miles further in the country. The nature of the bargain he made, was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease, otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here: but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away, to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!'

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly awkward boy in the parish; no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of antient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's Works, some Plays of Shakespeare, Tull and Dickson on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Dictionary, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Harvey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my *vade mecum.* I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions: from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness and sobriety and regularity of Pres-

Presbyterian country life; for though the will-o-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune were, the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!—Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude: add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder, that always where two or three met together, there I was among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and, as I never cared further for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love-adventure without an assisting confident. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love-adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage—but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of Follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

"Another circumstance in my life which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me. But I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned

to

to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I however struggled on with my *sines* and *cosines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon, to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

> "Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower—"

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

"I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's Works: I had seen human-nature in a new phasis, and engaged several of my school-fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the compositions of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three-farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger.

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year,—*Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure; Sterne and Mackenzie—Tristram Shandy and The Man of Feeling were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then, in conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except, "Winter," a dirge, the eldest of my printed pieces: "The Death of poor Maille," "John Barleycorn," and songs first, second, and third (vol. 3.).—Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business.

"My 23d year was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town (Irvine) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. To finish the whole, as we were giving a welcoming carousal to the new year, the shop took fire and burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

"I was obliged to give up this scheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and to crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted

jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file was my constitutional melancholy being increa ed to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—" depart from me, ye cursed."

" From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic, but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow in despair went to sea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set ashore by an American privateer on the wild coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing. I cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding that he is at this time master of a large West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

" His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue, I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded: I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which, hitherto, I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief, and the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the " Poet's Welcome *." My reading only increased while in this town by two stray volumes of Pamela, and one of Ferdinand Count Fathom, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with Ferguson's Scottish Poems, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigor. When my father died, his all went among the hell-hounds that growl in the kennel of justice; but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst us, with which, to keep us together, my brother and I took a neighbouring farm. My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

" I entered on this farm with a full resolution, " come, go too, I will be wise!" I read farming books, I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of " the devil, and the world, and the flesh," I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, " like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire."

" I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my " Holy Fair." I had a notion myself, that the piece had some me-

* Rob the Rhymer's Welcome to his bastard Child.

rit;

rit; but, to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of is, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. "Holy Willie's Prayer" next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem "The Lament." This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of Rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparations was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver—or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works, as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It ever was my opinion that the mistakes and blunders both in a rational and a religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves.

"To know myself had been all along my favourite study. I weighed myself alone, I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation; where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West-Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off 600 copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about 350. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly 20*l.* This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself for want of money to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

'Hungry ruin had me in the wind.'

"I had now been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels, I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition.—The doctor belonged to a set of critics, to whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a

 second

second edition fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie!*

"I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world: I mingled among classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to "catch" the characters and "manners living as they rise."—Whether I have profited, time will show."

On Fashionable Dissipation.

(By Miss Hannah More.)

PERHAPS the interests of true friendship, elegant conversation, mental improvement, social pleasure, maternal duty, and conjugal comfort, never received such a blow as when Fashion issued out that arbitrary and universal decree, that *every body must be acquainted with every body;* together with that consequent authoritative but rather inconvenient clause, that *every body must also go every where every night.* The devout obedience paid to this law is incompatible with the very being of friendship; for as the circle of acquaintance expands, and it will be continually expanding, the affections will be beaten out into such thin laminæ as to leave little solidity remaining. The heart, which is continually exhausting itself in professions, grows cold and hard. The feelings of kindness diminish in proportion as the expression of kindness becomes more diffuse and indiscriminate. The very traces of "simplicity and godly sincerity," in a delicate female, wear away imperceptibly by constant collision with the world at large. And perhaps no woman takes so little interest in the happiness of her real friends as she whose affections are incessantly evaporating in universal civilities—as she who is saying fond and flattering things at random to a circle of five hundred every night.

The decline and fall of animated and instructive conversation has been in a good measure effected by this barbarous project of assembling *en masse.* An excellent prelate (the late bishop Horne) with whose friendship the author was long honoured, and who himself excelled in the art of conversation, used to remark that a few years had brought about a great revolution in the manners of society; that it used to be the custom, previously to going into company, to think that something was to be communicated or received, taught or learned; that the powers of the understanding were expected to be brought into exercise, and that it was therefore necessary to quicken the mind, by reading and thinking, for the share the individual might be expected to take in the general discourse; but that knowledge and taste, and wit and erudition, seemed now to be scarcely considered as necessary materials to be brought into the pleasurable commerce of the world; in which there was little chance of turning them to much account; and therefore he who possessed them, and he who possessed them not, were nearly on a footing.

It is obvious also that multitudinous assemblies are so little favourable to that *cheerfulness* which it should

should seem to be their very end to promote; that if there were any chymical process by which the quantum of spirits, animal or intellectual, could be ascertained, the diminution would be found to have been inconceivably great since the transformation of man and woman from a social to a gregarious animal.

But if it be true as to the injury which friendship, society, and cheerfulness have sustained by this change of manners, how much more pointedly does the remark apply to family happiness!

Notwithstanding the known fluctuation of manners, and the mutability of language, could it be foreseen when the apostle Paul exhorted "married women to be keepers *at home*," that the time would arrive when that very phrase would be selected to designate one of the most decided acts of dissipation? Could it be foreseen that when a fine lady should send out a notification that on such a night she should be *at home*, these two significant words (beside intimating the rarity of the thing) would present to the mind an image the most *undomestic* which language can convey? My country readers, who may require to have it explained that these two magnetic words now possess the powerful influence of drawing together every thing fine within the sphere of their attraction, may need also to be apprised that the guests afterwards are not asked what was *said* by the company, but whether the crowd was prodigious—the rule for deciding on the merit of a fashionable society not being by the taste or the spirit, but by the *score* and the *hundred*. The question of pleasure, like a parliamentary question, is now carried by numbers: and when two parties modish, like two parties political, are run one against another on the same night, the same kind of mortification attends the leader of a defeated minority, the same triumph attends the exulting carrier of superior numbers in the one case as in the other.

An eminent divine has said that "perseverance in prayer will either make a man leave off sinning, or a continuance in sin will make him leave off prayer." This remark may be accommodated to those ladies, who, while they are devoted to the enjoyments of this world, yet retain considerable solicitude for the instruction of their daughters. But if they are really in earnest to give them a Christian education, they must themselves renounce a dissipated life;—or if they resolve to pursue the chase of pleasure, they must renounce this prime duty. Contraries cannot unite. The moral nurture of a tall daughter can no more be administered by a mother, whose time is absorbed by crowds abroad, than the physical nurture of her infant-offspring can be supplied by her in a perpetual absence from home. And is not that a preposterous affection which leads a mother to devote a few months to the inferior duty of furnishing aliment to the mere animal life, and then to desert her post when the more important moral and intellectual cravings require sustenance? This great object is not to be effected with the shreds and parings rounded off from the circle of a dissipated life, but, in order to its adequate execution, the mother should carry it on with the same spirit and perseverance at home which the father thinks it necessary to be exerting abroad in his public duty or professional engagements.

The usual vindication,—and in theory it has a plausible sound,—which has been offered for the large portion of time spent by women in acquiring ornamental talent is, that they are

are calculated to make the possessor love home, and that they innocently fill up the hours of leisure. The plea has indeed so promising an appearance, that it is worth inquiring whether it be in fact true. Do we then, on fairly pursuing the inquiry, discover that those who have spent most time in such light acquisitions are really remarkable for loving home or staying quietly there? or that, when there, they are sedulous in turning time to the best account? I speak not of that rational and respectable class of women, who, applying (as many of them do) these elegant talents to their true purpose, employ them to fill up the vacancies of better occupations, and to embellish the leisure of a life actively good. But do we *generally* see that even the most valuable and sober part of the reigning female acquisitions lead their possessor to scenes most favourable to the enjoyment of them? to scenes which we should naturally suppose she would seek, in order to the more effectual cultivation of such rational pleasures?

Would not those delightful pursuits, botany and drawing, for instance, seem likely to court the fields, the woods, and gardens of the paternal seat, as more congenial to their nature, and more appropriate to their exercise, than barren watering-places, destitute of a tree, or an herb, or a flower, or an hour's interval from successive pleasures to profit by them, even if they abounded with the whole vegetable world, from the "cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

From the mention of watering-places, may the author be allowed to suggest a few remarks on the evils which have arisen from the general conspiracy of the gay to usurp the regions of the sick, and converting the health-restoring fountains, meant as a refuge from disease, into the resorts of vanity for those who have no disease but idleness.

This inability of staying at home, as it is one of the most infallible, so it is one of the most dangerous symptoms of the reigning mania. It would be more tolerable did this epidemic malady only break out, as formerly, during the winter, or some one season. Heretofore the tenantry and the poor, the natural dependents on the rural mansions of the opulent, had some definite period to which they might joyfully look forward for the approach of those patrons, part of whose business in life it is to influence by their presence, to instruct by their example, to soothe by their kindness, and to assist by their liberality, those whom Providence, in the distribution of human lots, has placed under their more immediate protection. Though it would be far from truth to assert that dissipated people are never charitable, yet I will venture to say that dissipation is inconsistent with the *spirit* of charity. That affecting precept followed by so gracious a promise, "Never turn away thy face from any poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall never be turned away from thee," cannot literally mean that we should *give* to all, as then we should soon have nothing left to give; but it seems to intimate the habitual attention, the duty of inquiring out all cases of distress, in order to judge which are fit to be relieved:—now for this inquiry, for this attention, the dissipated have little taste, and less leisure.

Let a reasonable conjecture (for calculation would fail!) be made of how large a diminution of the general good has been effected in this single respect, by causes, which, though they do not seem important in themselves, yet make no inconsiderable

siderable part of the mischief arising from modern manners; and I speak now to persons who intend to be charitable. What a deduction will be made from the aggregate of charity, by a circumstance apparently trifling, when we consider what would be the beneficial effects of that regular bounty which must almost unavoidably result from the evening walks of a great and benevolent family among the cottages of their own domains—the thousand little acts of, comparatively, unexpensive kindness which the *sight* of petty wants and difficulties would excite—wants which will be scarcely felt in the relation, and which will probably be neither seen nor felt, nor fairly represented, in their long absences, by an agent? And what is even almost more than the good done, is the habit of mind kept up in those who do it. Would not this habit, exercised on the Christian principle that "even a cup of cold water," given upon right motives, shall not lose its reward, while the giving "all their goods to feed the poor," without the true *principle* of charity, shall profit them nothing—would not this habit, I say, be almost the best part of the education of daughters?

But transplant this wealthy and bountiful family periodically amid the frivolous and uninteresting bustle of the watering-place; where it is not denied that frequent public and fashionable acts of charity may make a part; and it is well they do make a part of the business and of the amusement of the day!—with this latter, indeed, they are sometimes good-naturedly mixed up. But how shall we compare the regular systematical good these persons would be doing at their own home with the light, and amusing, and bustling bounties of these public places? The illegal raffle at the toy-shop for some distress, which, though it may be real, and which, if real, ought to be relieved, is yet less easily ascertained than the wants of their own poor, or the debts of their distressed tenants. How shall we compare the broad stream of bounty, which should be flowing through, and refreshing, whole districts, with the penurious current of the subscription-breakfast for the needy musician, in which the price of the gift is taken out in the diversion, and in which pleasure dignifies itself with the name of bounty? How shall we compare the attention, and time, and zeal, which would otherwise, perhaps, be devoted to the village-school, spent in hawking about benefit-tickets for a broken player, while the kindness of the benefactress, perhaps, is rewarded by scenes in which her charity is not always repaid by the purity of the exhibition?

Far be it from the author to wish to check the full tide of charity wherever it is disposed to flow! would she could multiply the already abundant streams, and behold every source purified! But in the public resorts there are many who are able and willing to give. In the sequestered, though populous villages, there is, perhaps, only one affluent family; the distress which they do not *behold* will, probably, not be attended to; the distress which *they* do not relieve will, probably, not be relieved at all; the wrongs which *they* do not redress will go unredressed; the oppressed whom *they* do not rescue will sink under the tyranny of the oppressor. Through their own rural domains too, charity runs in a clearer current, and is less polluted with any suspicion of that muddy tincture which it is sometimes apt to contract in passing through the impure soil of the world.

ANECDOTES *of Sir* CHARLES SEDLEY.

(From Malone's Life of Dryden.)

LORD Mulgrave, in his "Essay on Satire," 1682, represents Sir Charles Sedley as a voluptuary: but he is acknowledged, both by that writer, and other of his cotemporaries, to have been extremely witty, and particularly happy in his similies. He condescended, however, sometimes to become a practical joker, as appears from some anecdotes concerning him, recorded by Oldys, in his manuscript notes on Langbaine.

Sedley, though somewhat inclining to corpulency, was a handsome man, and very like Kynaston the actor, who was so proud of the resemblance, that he got a suit of laced clothes after one that Sir Charles had worn, and appeared in it in public. In order to punish his vanity, Sedley hired a bravo, who, accosting Kynaston in St. James's park, in his fine suit, pretended to mistake him for the baronet, and having picked a quarrel with him, under pretence of having received a rude message from him, he caned the actor soundly. In vain Kynaston protested he was not the person the bravo took him for; the more he protested, the more blows the other laid on, to punish him for endeavouring to escape chastisement by so impudent a falsehood. When some of the poor actor's friends afterwards remonstrated with Sedley on his harsh treatment of an inoffensive man, he replied, that their pity was very much misplaced, and ought rather to be bestowed on him, since Kynaston could not have suffered half so much in his bones, as he (Sedley) had suffered in his reputation, all the town believing that it was *he* who was thus publicly disgraced.

In those days, when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her still more honour he frequently threw some part of his dress into the flames, in which proof of his veneration his companions were obliged to follow him, by consuming the same article, whatever it might be. One of Sedley's friends, after dinner at a tavern, perceiving he had a very rich lace cravat on, when he named the lady to whom honour was to be done, made a sacrifice of his cravat, and Sir Charles and the rest of the company were all obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loss with great composure, observing, that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled, when Sedley had drank to the health of some beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously stationed for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good fellowship clearly required that every one of the company should lose a tooth also; but they hoped he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. All their remonstrances, however, proving vain, each of his companions successively, *multa gemens,* was obliged to put himself into the hands of the operator, and while they were writhing with pain, Sir Charles continued exclaiming—"Patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised I should have my frolic too."

This anecdote Oldys appears to have heard from an old gentleman, of the name of Partridge, who was Sedley's cotemporary. These adventures probably happened when he was extremely young; and, after all allowances for the thoughtlessness and gaiety of that period of life, have hardly wit enough in them to compensate for their ill-nature.

PARISIAN

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

To give a softened tinge to the yellow straw hats, many fashionables wear it *trimmed with a transparent crape of a green,* violet, or rose colour. *Paysannes* are still worn without any alteration in the shape. White satin hats, with buckles, are much in fashion. Jonquils and roses are still worn in the *capotes* (or cap-bonnets). The head-dress after the antique, which is remarkable for a quantity of hair covering the forehead and the eyes, is much in vogue. Some of our belles have resumed powder.

The prevailing colour of the day is rose. The head-dress, in hair, has a decided preference, but it is not the only one on the antique model. The last straw hats have an oblong crown, terminating nearly in a point, which is trimmed with several bands of black velvet, in imitation of the fillets of the antique head-dress. The common hats, with buckles, have black velvet also in their composition. At first only three buckles were worn, all placed in the same direction; but now we see five, six, seven, all in different directions.—The fashion of yellow straw hats, of an oval form, one-half open, has been resumed. Of this species, the *bonnet à double foncé* is a yellow chip on an oblong crown, with a half square of black crape plaited, spread before, and brought narrow behind, a hood of same crape put on the back of the bonnet, terminating in narrow ends, tied under the chin. White feathers are sometimes worn with this bonnet, when made as above. White rose and sky-blue crape are also often used in forming it, as well as black. The edge of the bonnet is generally trimmed with ribbon, fluted. There are very few head-dresses of natural hair. The hair is divided on the forehead, then a *demi-wig* is put on with a quantity of *antique* oil. None but *élégantes* of the second order wear entire wigs; the lower classes have their *têtes.* The morning wigs, called *parasseuses,* are still white. For the other parts of the day, dark chesnut and black are the fashionable colours. The ribbons are still plain, the colour amaranthus, lilac, or jonquil. The handkerchiefs, and sometimes the apron, is trimmed with a coloured ribbon. The veils, which have superseded the handkerchiefs in the formation of the antique head-dresses, are deeply plaited behind.

The head-dresses *à la paysanne* are still in fashion at Paris. They are trimmed with white ribbons. The *capotes* are worn with coloured drapery and ribbons, according to the newest taste; the crown is black, and the drapery jonquil. The reign of amaranthus has not yet entirely passed away.—Trimming in lozenges and buckles is still in use. The feathers, called *pleureuses,* now display a mixture of colours. A sort of oak leaves of dyed feathers has been invented for trimming the bottom of the robe. The newest ribbons are on a white ground, and are fluted at intervals; they are called *rubans jalousies*—jealousy ribbons.

All these things are however in a state of perpetual fluctuation and change; for a fine woman in a fashion three months old would appear as ridiculous at Paris as a young beau in the dress of his great grandfather. It is a just observation, that the handsomer the fashion the sooner it disappears. The reason is obvious: its beauty soon recommends it to public favour, and con-

consequently it almost instantly ceases to be a mode of attracting particular notice. As, then, this is nearly the sole object of the toilet, our belles are obliged to invent some other, that may prove a mark of distinction. That, too, becomes common in its turn; and hence the head of a fine woman is a never-failing subject of expense to her husband.

THE following *jeu d'esprit*, in ridicule of the extreme lightness of the present Parisian Dress, is given in a French Journal.

DIALOGUE *between a Lady and a Man-milliner.*

"CITIZEN, I am just come to town; pray have the goodness to inform me how I must appear to be in the fashion?"—'Madame, 'tis done in a moment; in two minutes I shall equip you in the first style. Have the goodness to take off that bonnet.'—"Well."—'Off that petticoat.'—"There it is."—'Away with these pockets.'—"There they go."—'Throw off that handkerchief.'—"'Tis done." —'Away with that corset and sleeves.'—"Will that do?"—'Yes, madame; you are now in the fashion.—'Tis an easy matter, you see.—To be *dressed* in the fashion you have only to *undress*!'

ANECDOTE.

AT a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer starting up, said, 'It certainly must be our arrears of pay.' The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

THE RIVALS.

A TALE.

By PERICLITATOR.

WRAPPED in thought, Count Valentio was proceeding on his journey, when, at the entrance of a wood, he met with a lady who alighted from her carriage with precipitation. Her face, which was nearly unveiled, was strikingly beautiful,—

"Her form was fresher than the blooming rose,
When the dew wets its leaves, unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow."
THOMSON.

The lovely fair-one appeared in the greatest distress: the magnanimous Valentio could not pass on, without offering her all that his courage could perform,

"Noble youth," said she, I will not refuse your generous offer. It seems as if kind providence had caused our meeting to avert the misfortune I so greatly dreaded. Two cavaliers have here appointed to meet. Just now, alas!" added she, "I saw them enter. They are to fight a duel. Be kind enough to follow me, and endeavour to separate them." Scarce had she finished these words, when she proceeded to the wood; and Valentio, after leaving his horse with his faithful attendant Hubert, made all haste to join her.

They had not gone fifty yards, when they heard the clashing of swords, and they soon descried two cavaliers, charging each other with the utmost fury. Valentio ran towards them, and succeeded in parting them;—by his entreaties he learnt the cause of their dispute.

"Generous stranger," said one, "I am count Bertrand; my adversary count Delcaro of Baden. We are both enamoured of the countess Adela,

Adela, the lady who stands by you. Notwithstanding all our endeavours to win her, the haughty fair has alwaysobserved a chilling indifference to our attentions. For my part," continued he, "it was my determimination to continue my courtship in despite of her indifference; but my rival, instead of pursuing my plan, has thought proper to send me a challenge."—"It is so," replied Delcaro, "I thought, had I no rival, countess Adela would listen to my suit. In consequence of which I was determined to rid myself of a man who was an obstacle to my happiness.

"I cannot admire," said Valentio, "this meeting: it is both absurd and hurtful: it will soon be known in Germany, and, by this inconsiderate act, the reputation of your mistress, which you ought to value more than life, will be endangered. Besides, what advantage can the victor promise himself? Can it be supposed the lady would look upon him in a more favourable light? What absurdity! Suppose, perchance, the vanquished should of the two be more favored by the lady; then, of course, the victor will be detestable to her. Thus, you see, victory itself is not free from calamity. Let me therefore advise you to listen to terms of accommodation. This lady, and she only, can put an end to your unhappy contest."—"In what manner," said Delcaro.—"This lady," replied Valentio, "must declare for whom she has a preference, and the rejected lover must yield the fair prize, for which he would have endangered his life, to his rival, without striking a blow."—"I consent to it," said Delcaro, "and promise a strict observance to the treaty." "And I," said Bertrand, make the same promise."

Valentio now addressing the countess Adela,—"Madam," said he, "you can by a few words disarm these rivals. You need only name the one you choose to bless with your hand."

After a short pause, she replied, "Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry you have met here on my account, but the whole of your conduct has been such as only to merit my indignation. I declare, therefore, that I never will give my hand to either of you: therefore, neither can upbraid the other, for I renounce all connection with you. But that generous youth, pointing to Valentio, shall meet the reward he so justly merits; and I give the preference to him."

She had no sooner uttered these words, than the enraptured Valentio fell at his mistress's feet: his feelings can be better imagined than described. The discarded Delcaro, who was naturally of a sanguine imperious disposition, exclaimed in a voice scarcely articulate, "This is more than may be borne! Adieu, unkind fair!" and, immediately mounting his horse, rode off, casting looks of fury on his new rival.

Count Bertrand, who was more exasperated, and, in reality, with some cause, put himself in an attitude to assault Valentio, who had just risen overwhelmed with joy; who, on his side, prepared to give him a warm reception. Bertrand made a furious blow at his adversary, which, he perceiving, jumped aside: Bertrand, missing his aim, stumbled. Valentio, with one blow, struck him to his feet. He returned to his mistress, who gave him her hand, and they proceeded to her castle hard by; and in a short time Valentio received the fair hand of his beloved Adela at the altar of Hymen. Their exemplary virtue gained them universal esteem and respect.

On

On Sensibility.

SENSIBILITY, or feeling, as applied to the body, consists merely in the sensations which pain or pleasure create, and in such known degrees, that it would be impertinent to dwell on that which is so necessarily obvious. No argument is required to prove that the natural consequence of any corporeal injury must be pain, or that the gratification of appetite is pleasure. But, with respect to feeling, as relating to the mind, it should seem an inquiry may be worthy of attention. So variously is it distributed in the human breast, that it exceeds every other action in the different expressions and multiplicity of forms in which it is to be discovered and seen.

That there is a general and natural feeling implanted cannot be denied; but as this, when uncultivated, can only be drawn forth into exercise by complicated distress and scenes of misery and agony, so it cannot come within the true meaning of feeling, which, by moralists, is termed sensibility. It no longer is classed as instinctive kindness, but, by continual culture and practical benevolence, it raises the most noble structure on that foundation which nature may have laid in the infant mind. Susceptibility is conferred in vain, soon lost and overwhelmed, if a virtuous education and active generosity do not encourage its growth and increase its strength.

Sensibility, then, is clearly displayed in the commiseration of the sorrows and distresses of mankind. To participate in their grief, and to relieve them when practicable, are the evidences of this mild and divine disposition.

The boisterous and impetuous effusions of unrestrained grief overpowering every obstacle to its violence, or the silent deep dejected sorrow, are not to be considered as the true and infallible criterions of a feeling heart. These effects of calamities incident to human life are more generally the consequences of a temporary deprivation of reason; when overcome by excessive sorrow, the mind no longer retains its vigour, but yields to the impulse of immoderate grief, or to the suggestions of despair without consideration. But when weakness of intellect or nervous defect in the system occurs, a more dangerous species of feeling or morbid sensibility is exhibited. Time and reflection will generally calm the transports and cheer the melancholy of outrageous or despairing grief; but in the latter unfortunate case, there can be no remedy till some fresh incident diverts its course.

It is therefore only when reason is in undisturbed possession of her power, when every action is considerate, that genuine sensibility exists, and that its delicacy and truth can be ascertained.

Pure and genuine sensibility will chase away trifling and unavailing sorrow, and banish deep dejection and melancholy, assuming in their stead a patient and composed resignation, and a calm, yet joyful expectation of futurity. By implicit reliance on the goodness of the Supreme Being, universal complacency and benevolence will secure tranquillity and repose in this life, and eternal happiness in that to come.

R. D.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

ON A RECENT MISTAKE.

BE still! be still! fond foolish heart,
Nor longer flutter in this breast:
Oh! that with life I now could part,
And in the silent grave find rest.

Time, that balm to keenest pain,
Aids not my poor tortur'd mind:
Hope, still whispers——but in vain,
Since lovely ****** proves unkind.

But never can that angel form,
Replete with every manly grace,
Contain a mind—to treat with scorn;
No, rather kill me with a kind embrace.

Then, oh! forgive me this offence,—
Let soft entreaties then prevail;
O'er this mistake your own good sense,
I'm sure, will kindly draw a veil.

My prayer is heard, and he appears,
And seals my pardon with a kiss:
He kisses off my falling tears,
Oh! Gods, to me what height of bliss!

SOPHIA CLEMENTINA.

SONG.

TALK not to me of wealth or power,
Of tyrant rule, and glitt'ring store;
Talk not of Bacchanalian joys,
Of giddy rout, and frantic noise;
How weak their boasted charms would prove,
Before the charms of mutual love.

To me, how faint, how nerveless seem,
The million's gay and gaudy dream,
Of tricks of pride, and joys of state,
The gew-gaw baubles of the great!
How vivid in my fancy move
The angel forms of peace and love!

Amid the wearying ills of life,
The stings of care, the storms of strife,
In all the anxious hours of grief,
My soul anticipates relief,
And sees fond dreams of rapture move,
In Delia's smile, and Delia's love.

Hence the vain pomp of wealth and pow'r,
The midnight bowl, the jocund hour:
Hence! each fond dream, by men caress'd,
And leave me leisure to be blest!
And let my heart's quick pulses move,
In unison with peace and love.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

SCARCE sixteen summers had I seen,
And rov'd my native bowers,
Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
Bedeck'd with shrubs and flowers;
When late a stranger youth appear'd,
I neither wish'd nor sought him;
He came, but whence I never heard,
And spoke what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
All eyes are charm'd that view them,
And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
As wanton zephyrs blew them.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing;—
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red
With blushes ever burning;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

Where'er

Where'er I stray'd the youth was nigh,
His looks soft sorrow speaking;
"Sweet maid!" he'd say, then gaze and sigh,
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his griefs explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now,
And now 'twas unoffending;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downwards bending.

Nor ought I spoke, my looks he read,
As if with anger burning!
No, not one word—away he sped,
Ah, would he were returning!

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY G. DYER.

SWEET songstress, that, unseen, unknown,
Dost pour the softly varied strain,
Why dost thou wander still alone?
Why to the silent woods complain?

Oft have I lingered in the grove,
To hear thy melting, soothing song;
To me it seem'd a song of love,
Nor could I think the darkness long:

"But oh! sweet bird, why shun the light?
"Why still repeat the lonesome lay?
"Those notes, that smooth the brow of night,
"Might kindle bright the face of day."

Thus have I cried, but cried in vain,
For soon the songstress of the grove,
As though the morn awakened pain,
More faintly breath'd the song of love.

But tho' she shuns my wistful sight,
So softly, sweetly, does she sing,
I deem her not the bird of night,
But hail the poet of the spring.

LINES

WRITTEN NEAR RICHMOND, UPON THE THAMES AT EVENING.

(FROM THE LYRICAL BALLADS.)

HOW rich the wave, in front, imprest
With ev'ning twilight's summer hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent path pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past, so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure,
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
'Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow?
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Tho' grief and pain may come to-morrow?

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see,
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
Oh glide, fair stream! for ever so;
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
'Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought! yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,—
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such heart did once the poet bless,
Who, pouring here a * *later* ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress,
But in the milder grief of pity.

Remembrance! as we glide along,
For him suspend the dashing oar,
And pray that never child of Song
May know his freezing sorrows more.

* Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

How

How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
The ev'ning darkness gathers round
By Virtue's holiest powers attended.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR PRESENTED AT HER REQUEST.

WHATE'ER my lot, whate'er my humble state,
May pleasure still on thee, my Susan, wait!
May you beyond my fondest wish be blest,
And live by all, by ev'ry heart caress'd!
But should some cause unseen our friendship break,
Or (Heav'n forbid it) I my Sue forsake;
Then if this lock e'er meets thy lovely eyes,
Let these suggestions in your breast arise:
"How pleas'd did W—— grant my fond request!
What fond delight then glow'd within his breast!
How did his heart (though silently) implore
On me each blessing that the gods can pour!
And shall I think him of so base a kind,
That no one thought e'er rises in his mind
Of me, who then deserv'd he'd proudly own
The pleasure (not the pain) that greets a throne.
If still he lives, his pray'rs will never cease
For Susan's happiness, for Susan's peace;
Or should his soul have join'd the world of bliss,
His spirit guards whilst I remain in this." W*******

LINES
TO THE ABOVE LADY, WHO WEPT AT THE RECOLLECTION OF THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

WHAT is it thus afflicts my fair?
Why does my Susan grieve?
Say, shall not I thy sorrows share,
Or from them thee relieve?

Has some fond youth thy heart ensnar'd
By tend'rest vows of love?
And has he, tell me,—has he dar'd
From thee, sweet girl, to rove?

Or chance a kind a sincere friend,
Whose life was dear as thine,
Hath pass'd his days—has met his end,
And left thee to repine?

If so, submit to Heaven's decree,
Which ever must be right,
And cease to mourn, nor think that he
Is lost in endless night.

No;—but enthron'd in yonder sky,
Is free from ev'ry pain.
Let hope then banish ev'ry sigh,
For there you'll meet again.

W*******

AN ACROSTIC
ON THE ABOVE LADY.

S INCE that I first beheld those eyes,
U nused to sparkle in disguise,
S uch unknown joys have fill'd my breast
A s make my life supremely blest.
N othing I ever felt or knew,
Y ield me such happiness as you:
A nd oft I pour a fervent pray'r
T o heaven for thee, my lovely fair:
E ver may you its care remain,
S afe kept from sorrow and from pain!

W——

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN ODE.

AND dost thou think my heart is hard?
In solid brass, oh! were it bound!
Then should I look, with light regard,
On life's short joys, all-fleeting round.
Then should no fond complaining maid
(The pangs of absence doom'd to prove)
My ever faithful breast upbraid
With all her woes of slighted love!

How oft has wand'ring Luna's beam,
Slow, stealing o'er the cloudless sky,
Beheld bright Love's delusive dream
Wanton before my mental eye!

How

How oft, she silent heaves along,
What time in radiant pomp she shone,
To her I pour'd my plaintive song,
And made my faithful passion known.

Still, still, my wonted warmth remains,
Camilla still remains for thee;
Fancy thy long-lost form retains,
Thy sorrowing looks methinks I see.

With deep reproach my soul invade,
And though thy harsh words wound my ear,
Ne'er shall it grieve me, gentle maid,
That Mem'ry held thy beauties dear!

TO THE MOLE.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

THOU creep'st in darkness, busy thing;
The progress of the brightest day
To thee can nothing cheerful bring,
No soul-expanding ray!
For ever lab'ring, ev'r dreary,
Thou never feel'st the sweet delight
That one—the proudest sense, which cheery
Scatters the sullen mists of night.

Thou can'st not see thy mazy way,
Slow yielding to thy gloomy toils;
Thou find'st no brightly smiling ray
Give pleasure,—as it smiles!
Thou know'st not, when thy task pursuing,
Where that dull task will end,
Or when, to work thy own undoing,
Thou bid'st the fairy hill ascend!

And yet, poor, blind, incautious mole,
What am I more refin'd than thee?
'Tis true, I own a sensate soul—
And—all around—I see!
But do I 'scape the snare, that waiting,
Crosses my dreary way?
Or, for myself an home creating—
Smooth busy life's precarious way?

Do I not toil, and toil like thee,
Unknowing where that toil will end?
Do I not blindly seek to be
Of foes unseen the friend?
Can human wisdom shun the ruin
Which lurks my life to snare,
And still the passions wild subduing,
Defy the hidden shafts of care?

Do I presume to scan the Pow'r
Which bids me, ever reas'ning, try
To buffet with the stormy hour,
Till Fate shall bid me die?
Do I, my future being knowing,
Trace what I then shall be?
Or, while this fervid heart is glowing,
Its long and freezing hour—foresee!

Of after death, O! busy Mole!
Thou know'st, alas! as much as me!
I feel, that I possess a soul,
I know—that soul—is free!
Yet, while of busy passions weary,
I travel towards the tomb,
My path is, like thy journey, dreary,
A dang'rous path of toil and gloom!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

"O, fairest flower! no sooner blown but blasted.
Soft, silken primrose!"——
MILTON.

GRIM Death hath seiz'd his prey,—
Her spirit's fled;
Clarissa's number'd with the happy dead;
Early releas'd from this dark world of woes,
To regions bright this spotless cherub rose.

Sweet innocent! thy little voyage is o'er:
Swift was thy passage to the blissful shore,
Where all is calm serenity—no storm,
Nor tempests, e'er those beauteous realms deform.

Much-favour'd infant! snatch'd from scenes of time,
To flourish in a more auspicious clime!
Where Peace eternal reigns, unmix'd with strife.—
O how unlike the stormy vale of Life!

Blest be that awful hand, whose sovereign pow'r
Transplanted in the bud this tender flow'r;
Took it from earth's bleak soil, and bid it rise,
To blossom fair, beneath propitious [skies.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, Sept. 17, 1800.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Munich, Sept. 8.

THIS morning, at seven o'clock, the French courier, Moustache, arrived from Vienna, and after stopping an hour with gen. Moreau, who charged him with dispatches for Paris, he continued his route with all diligence. We are assured that the Austrian government has accepted, in great part, the *ultimatum* of the first consul.

A few moments afterwards there arrived at general Moreau's an Austrian officer with dispatches from count Collowry, who commands for the time the imperial army. He announces to the French general, from the official dispatches of Count Lehrbach, arrived from Vienna at his head-quarters, that peace may be regarded as concluded, the emperor having accepted the principal propositions made in the last instance by the first consul; and he asks general Moreau to prolong the armistice for eighteen days. Moreau has replied, that he could not accede to this demand, but that he would consent to put off for five days the renewal of hostilities, in which time he could be informed, by the telegraph of Strasbourg, of the intentions of the first consul.

Lausanne, Sept. 11. The new army of reserve, consisting of from 30 to 40,000 men, is on its march through Switzerland. A part of it is passing through our vicinity, and a part through Yverden. They are proceeding by hasty marches towards the Tyrol and Italy. A third army of reserve will now be immediately formed. General Macdonald, who on the 9th arrived at Berne, is accompanied by gen. Dumas.

Strasbourg, Sept. 13. On the 11th an extraordinary courier from general Moreau stopped here, whose dispatches were immediately delivered to the director of the telegraph, who instantly transmitted the contents of them to the government.—These dispatches relate to some new propositions made by the court of Vienna to our government, and addressed to gen. Moreau. At the same time this general had been invited, on the part of the Austrian general in chief, not to re-commence hostilities till after receiving instructions to that effect from Paris. Moreau, always eager to stop the effusion of blood, prolonged the armistice till the 17th of September, the day on which he could be informed of the definitive determination of the government, and ordered the courier, the bearer of his dispatches to the director of the telegraph, to wait at Strasbourg the answer of the consuls, which would be delivered to him by the same functionary. That answer, in fact, arrived here on the 11th, at five o'clock in the evening; and the courier set off at six, to carry it to general Moreau. The report is, however, that the propositions of the court of Vienna are too distant from the principle established in the preliminaries signed at Paris by Talleyrand and St. Julien, and ratified by Bonaparte, to be adopted, and that orders have been given to Moreau to recommence hostilities on the 17th of September.

Bavaria, Sept. 14. On the 8th, the whole Austrian army was in motion towards Haag and Wasserburg, and his imperial majesty had resolved to remove on the 9th his head-quarters to Haag, and offer battle to the enemy immediately on the expiration of the armistice; when, in the night between the 8th and 9th, a courier arrived from general Moreau, who brought his acceptance of the proffered prolongation of the armistice.

The French army in Bavaria consists of 70,000 infantry, 18,000 cavalry, and 4000 artillery-men. Even during the armistice, French troops are in motion on all sides, and concentrating themselves

themselves forwards. The head-quarters of the right wing of the French army, which has been hitherto at Kempten, is now removed to Westheim in Upper Bavaria.

On the Austrian side, likewise, great preparations are making for the prosecution of the war, and the entrenchments on the Inn have been strengthened. In the vicinity of Braunau Altheim, &c. such numbers of fresh troops have arrived, that ten men are frequently quartered in one house.

Modena, Sept. 15. Lucca has been entirely evacuated by the French. The Austrians have also evacuated Ferrara, and repassed the Po. Before they left it, they exacted a contribution of 80,000 crowns.

Ostend, Sept. 15. About half past 7 yesterday evening, a vessel, in crossing the Channel of Ostend as the tide was coming in, was overset, and of upwards of 200 persons of every age and sex, no more then 20 were saved; all the rest perished. The day, which was sunday, was beautiful, and there was at the same time a festival at Slykens, a village about half a league from Ostend, to which about 4000 inhabitants of that city had gone. Santhonax, the commandant of artillery, lost his four young children. Another officer of artillery, with his wife and son, perished, as well as the wife, son, and niece of a captain of artillery: the latter swam and saved three persons, but he could not meet with those who were dear to him. The whole town of Ostend was a scene of weeping and lamentation, for the loss of a relation or a friend.

Hague, Sept. 17. Our latest letters from Paris assure us, that the negotiations between England and France still continue. The Batavian officers, who had been sent to Deal from Flushing, are returned.

Yesterday about 100 men of the first demi-brigade set out hence for the army under general Augereau in Germany, to repair the loss which that corps had suffered by desertion. It is thought that no more Batavian troops will be sent to Germany, the French army being so very strong there. Our minister of marine, citizen Spoors, is actively employed in victualling our navy. In all our dock-yards the utmost activity reigns in fitting out a sufficient number of gun-boats, and new ships of war are likewise building, so that we may soon have a new fleet. The Chatham, of 80, and the Peter Paulus, of 74 guns, are nearly ready, and another new ship of the line will be launched at Amsterdam this week.

Vienna, Sept. 20. The preparations for war still continue; yet we have greater hopes of peace than ever; and the more, as the system of two great foreign courts is of that kind which must make an impression, and promote a durable peace.

According to letters from Lemburg, a Russian army of 50,000 men is assembled on the left bank of the Bog, at which the grand-duke Constantine is expected.

The counties of Hungary show themselves as patriotic and as zealous to support the government as they were under Maria Theresa. Presburg alone will furnish 350 hussars, completely accoutred, and a proportionable number of infantry.

Paris, Sept. 22. The appointment of new counsellors of state has been announced, and others are to be employed in the exercise of extraordinary functions. General St. Cyr has been named counsellor of state to the section of war; citizen Thibaudeau, prefect of Bourdeaux; Portalis, commissioner of the government to the council of captors; and Sehée, commissioner of the government in the four departments of the left bank of the Rhine. It is confidently said, that Jollivet, counsellor of state, is to supersede Sehée at Mentz, and that citizen Dubois (des Volges) will be substituted for Thibaudeau at Bourdeaux.

23. All the theatres of Paris were yesterday thrown open to the public, and the dramatic productions of the best authors were performed. The concourse was every where immense, and so very numerous was the crowd at the theatre Français, where the chief consul was present, that were it not for the precautions taken by the guard, many must have been crushed to death.

The return of citizen Larive to the French theatre of the republic was yesterday attended with the most unbounded applause. He was earnestly called for by the audience, and appeared on the stage after the conclusion of the piece.

Wetzlaer,

Wetzlaer, Sept. 23. The German territory of the prince of Orange is to pay to the chest of the Batavian army a contribution of 200,000 livres, but Nassau Weilburg will only pay 80,000. The reigning prince of Salms Braunsfels, who was included in the Prussian and Hessian treaties, and who, therefore, has always been considered as neutral, has not been suffered to escape a contribution this time; 100,000 livres have been required of him, under the title of a forced loan. He has come to Aschaffenburg in person, to endeavour to conclude a new treaty of peace. The convent in Braunsfels, that in this city, and the city itself, have likewise been laid under contribution.

Elsineur, Sept. 23. On the 11th an embargo was laid upon British ships in Russian ports. In consequence of this intelligence, lord Whitworth stopped all the upward-bound ships until the issue of the business was known; and we are happy to learn, by a Danish ship which arrived this morning, seven days from Riga, that it was removed, and the ships loading as usual.

Paris, Sept. 26. Upon the 23d, (the anniversary of the republican æra), Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the citizens assembled to celebrate that festival in the Temple de Mars. In this paper, the chief consul informs the French people that the emperor had refused to ratify the preliminaries signed by comte St. Julien at Paris on the 28th of July, upon account of a demand made by the king of Great Britain, who required that his own ministers be admitted to the congress of Luneville, conjointly with the plenipotentiaries of his imperial majesty. The French government, in consequence, ordered the generals of the republic to give notice of the expiration of the armistice, in order that the season for hostilities should not further be wasted in idle negotiations. General Moreau was instructed to communicate to the archduke Joseph the preliminaries, as they have appeared in the Moniteur, and to inform his royal highness that, if they were not ratified within four and twenty hours, hostilities would recommence; excepting in the case that his imperial majesty should desire further explanations; then the three fortresses of Ulm, Ingolstadt, and Philipsburg should be delivered to the French as cautionary places, and a pledge of his majesty's sincerity. This last alternative was preferred by the emperor, and the garrisons of the republic have actually entered into the German towns.

Vienna, Sept. 27. His majesty the emperor arrived here on the 24th instant, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in perfect health, on his return from the army of Germany. A suspension of arms of forty-five days has been concluded between the Austrian and French armies, and the negotiations for peace with France are about to commence.

His majesty has seen, with the greatest pleasure and gratitude, the zeal that his faithful subjects show for the defence of the country, and their eagerness to contribute towards it, in the most active and efficacious manner. As the issue of negotiation is uncertain, and as there is only one just and proper peace that can be accepted, it becomes a duty anew to invite and exhort the faithful subjects of his majesty to redouble their ardour and zeal in every thing necessary for the defence of the country, and particularly for the attainment of a convenient peace, in order to procure for the whole monarchy the tranquillity of peace, and the blessings arising out of it.

Berlin, Sept. 27. Yesterday we received official intelligence of the renewal of the armistice between the Austrians and the French; the latter, during its continuance, are to be put in possession of the fortresses, Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingoldstadt.

Luneville, Oct. 6. General Clarke, the bearer of the orders of government, and who is to command extraordinarily at Luneville, and in the department of the Meurthe, is arrived. After having conferred with the sub-prefect, and the mayor, he visited in person all the houses of the best appearance; he spared no pains to procure for the members of the congress lodgings and accommodations suitable to their dignity.

HOME NEWS.

Ipswich, Sept. 26.

THE disturbances here, last week, were begun by a few women, on the Saturday morning, for the purpose of lowering the price of butter, when several maunds or baskets of that article were seized upon, and sold at 1*s.* a pint, (the price asked 1*s.* 7*d.*) One man actually lost thirty-five pints, which the mob seized upon and ran off with. By this time they began to get very numerous, and, several men having joined them, they next attacked the vegetables, fruit, eggs, &c. which they also disposed of at an under price. The mob next assailed the baker's shops, said they would have flour at 2*s.* 6*d.* a stone; however they only threatened at present; but a cart of flour coming to a baker's shop, they stopped it, and insisted upon its being sold at the above price; but the magistrates made their appearance, one of them mounted the cart of flour, and insisted on their dispersing, telling them he would do all the law empowered him to do, "that he would die in the defence of the law:' upon which they left the cart, and proceeded to a mill, and stopped there almost all the afternoon. In consequence of this, you may be sure very little butter was brought on the following Saturday: the mob was now as great in scrambling for the butter at any price as it was before in endeavouring to lower it; many people were obliged to go without, and little butter is now had here.

27. A very afflicting scene was exhibited yesterday in Holborn. About 11 o'clock, a woman, accompanied by 3 beautiful babes, rushed from one of the lanes into the street, and, after telling the spectators that herself and her infants were utterly destitute of the means of subsistence, and that they must starve, she cut her throat. A person from the crowd (which was by this time considerable) seized the unhappy woman's hand while in the act of attempting a still deeper cut than the first. It appears she attempted the suicide with a razor. She was immediately taken to St. Bartholomew's hospital, but it is imagined she cannot survive.

Edinburgh, Sept. 27. At Leith, on Monday evening, a boy about 14 years of age, having obtained a small boat, with one oar, persuaded three little girls of his acquaintance to take a sail with him. They were seen late in the evening, sculling about the entrance of the harbour, and, as the boy seemed to have the management of the boat, nobody was apprehensive. The wind, however, having veered suddenly to the west, they had been by the rapidity of the tide carried to leeward, and being unable to gain the shore, were driven all night at the mercy of the wind, till next morning about 3 o'clock they were cast ashore on the sands near Aberlady, without having received any injury, and were that day brought safe to Leith, to the great joy of their parents and connections, who had given them up for lost.

London, Sept. 29. On Saturday morning aldermen Perring and Cadell, the sheriffs elect, attended at Guildhall, and went through the customary forms of induction. They were yesterday (Sunday) at 1 o'clock, sworn into office.

Belfast, Sept. 30. It is with pleasure we inform the public, that a scheme is to be struck out by a number of inhabitants of this town, for the erection of public flour-mills, &c. on the beneficial plan adopted by the Birmingham flour and bread company; and that the subscriptions for the same are in very great forwardness.

Whitehaven,

Whitehaven, Sept. 30. Yesterday s'en-night, during the time of the market at Cockermouth, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, some very violent acts took place, which would have proceeded to further mischief, but for the interposition and vigorous exertions of some of the principal inhabitants. Two of the ringleaders were seized in the act of plundering a cart in which were a few casks of butter. After examination before J. C. Satterthwaite, esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for this county, they were lodged in the house of correction, in order to be sent the next morning to the county goal, for which their commitment was made; but they escaped from their confinement at an early hour in the night.

Birmingham, Oct. 1. On Monday evening, being our fair, a small party of boys broke the windows of Mr. Mason, baker, in Steelhouse-lane; but a troop of light-horse galloping up the street, they instantly dispersed. The same evening a very few lads also broke the windows of Mr. Bell, dealer in flour, &c. in Church-street, and also of Mr. Thornilow, baker, corner of Great Charles-street.

Yesterday a woman was brought up to the public office, charged with shouting and clapping her hands, and thereby encouraging the people to break the windows of Mr. Bell in Church-street, the preceding evening. She is committed to Warwick goal for trial. The windows of Mr. Bakewell, in Coles-hill street, were also destroyed; he is a dealer in corn, &c.

On Monday about a thousand people surrounded two boats on the canal at Deepfield, near Tipton, (12 miles from hence), which were bringing flour and wheat to this town, and sold most of their contents at 10*s.* per bushel. They afterwards dispersed without doing further mischief.

Dublin, Oct. 4. The brigade composed of flank companies, now forming at Athlone, it is said, will consist of 8000 men, appointed in the first style of equipment and discipline, and ready at a moment's warning to take the field.

We find that the nefarious and destructive practice of forging bank notes, so extensively carried on of late, is not confined to the metropolis, but has spread to various parts of the country. Last Sunday morning some certain information was received by major Swan and Mr. Smith; in consequence the latter set out immediately to Ballimore-Eustace in the county of Wicklow, and between that place and Edes-town he found a copper-plate, ready for working off a five-guinea note of the bank of sir Thomas Lighton; a second of one guinea and an half; and a third of one guinea, both the latter of the national bank. They were so well executed as to preclude almost detection, but by comparing the numbers with those of the bank books; these plates were of course seized and brought to town.

Dover, Oct. 5. A vessel called the Dorchester, of Weymouth, is now lying in this harbour, which was sent in by the Nile lugger; she was found at sea, without any person on board: she is laden with Portland stone, and is scuttled, ready for sinking. I have taken pains to inquire into the circumstances, and have been with ———. He reports, that 11 sail in all took in their cargoes of Portland stone, and some merchant goods; that they cleared for Sheerness, but when they came into the Downs they had a king's officer and seaman put on board, who took charge of the vessels; that they sailed from the Downs yesterday fortnight, accompanied by a number of armed cutters and tenders, on a secret expedition; that when they got out to sea, the 11 vessels with stone on board were all scuttled, ready for sinking; and it then came out that they were to be sunk in the road of Goree, near Helvoetsluys, on the coast of Holland, to choke up the entrance into Helvoet, but were prevented by a violent storm coming on, which made it unsafe for the men to remain on board the scuttled ships. The men were therefore taken on board the tenders, and returned to the Downs, leaving the scuttled vessels to their fate. Besides the one brought in here, another has been sent into some other port. The remaining nine are believed to have foundered at sea. It appears that the owners and captains of the hired vessels were ignorant of their destination till they

they came into the Downs, and that they were suffered to take in some merchant goods, for the "better carrying on the plot."

London, Oct. 7. This day, at 12 o'clock, the lord mayor, sheriffs, and court of aldermen, met, to make their return of the lord mayor elect; at 2 o'clock they appeared on the hustings, when the recorder read over the names of the candidates, two of whom, according to custom, had been returned to the court of aldermen for their choice; he said, that the lord mayor had declared the choice of the aldermen to have fallen upon sir William Staines.

Yesterday morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a fire broke out at the warehouse of messrs. Tydys and St. Barbe's, ship-chandlers, in Wapping-street, and before assistance could be procured, communicated to the neighbourhood. From the confined situation of the adjoining houses, every apprehension was entertained, and in a very short time was fatally justified; the flames communicated to messrs. Curtis's brewhouse, and from thence to a large cooperage belonging to messrs. Wilkinsons. The whole of these premises were consumed, and the flames gained additional strength by the combustible matter with which they were fed. The marine police office was entirely destroyed, as well as Mr. Minshaw's house, the Dundee Arms, where the Gravesend boats go from, and upwards of fifty other houses.

8. On Monday last M. Otto delivered to his majesty's ministers the final answer of the chief consul upon the subject of a naval armistice. It is believed that the two parties cannot agree upon the conditions; that the one government insists upon being allowed to supply the Brest fleet with stores, and Egypt with those necessaries of which the French army is in want; and that the other government positively refuses to grant this permission.

Portsmouth, Oct. 8. Orders were received this morning for all the troops, consisting of detachments of several regiments, at Hilsea barracks, to be embarked immediately on board the Modeste, captain Hinton; Resource, capt. Crisps; and Dido, capt. Colby; who are to proceed with them for the Mediterranean, as soon as the wind will permit.

10. On Tuesday last directions were sent to the commissioners of his majesty's customs, allowing the free importation of foreign hops as last year; a circumstance, which we trust will, in some degree, put a stop to that spirit of monopoly in that article, which has of late so disgraced the country.

Bath, Oct. 25. Yesterday an alarming disturbance took place, which was happily quelled, without being attended by any serious consequences. The colliers, early in the morning, again appeared, and menaced the city, threatening to set their own prices on the provisions in the market. Several carts, carrying vegetables, were stopped on the road. The mayor, finding that good words availed nothing, called out the volunteers; but they being not deemed sufficient, the regulars were sent for, both horse and foot. Still an inclination to acts of violence manifested itself; the riot act was then read, but the insurgents refused to disperse. The cavalry was called upon to press forward to support the foot in apprehending the ringleaders. This, with some difficulty, was effected, and several persons secured and committed to prison; among the number was Prince Hoare, the celebrated dramatic author, who stood an idle spectator in the crowd. After remaining a whole night in confinement, Mr. H. found means to make known his situation to the mayor, who immediately ordered his release, and apologised for his mistake.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 17. At Walworth, the lady of Dr. Croke, of Doctors Commons, of a daughter.

20. At Halton, lady Dashwood King, of a son.

At Edinburgh, the lady of rear-admiral Deans, esq. of a son.

23. The lady of Reginald Pole Carew, esq. of a son.

The lady of George Hammond, esq. of a son, at his house in Spring-Gardens.

24. The

24. The right hon. lady Charles Somerset, of a son, at his lordship's house in Tenterden-street.

26. The lady of major Wilson, of Hompech's hussars, of a son.

29. In Great Ormond-street, the lady of John Cary, esq. of a son.

Oct. 1. At sir William Jerningham's, bart. Bolton-row, the lady of George Jerningham, esq. of a daughter.

5. At Cresselly in Pembrokeshire, the lady of James Mackintosh, esq. barrister at law, of a daughter.

8. Mrs. James Brandon, of Covent-Garden theatre, of a daughter.

The lady of H. H. Townsend, esq. of Busbridge, of a daughter.

13. In Clarges-street, the lady of lieut. col. Wheatley, of the guards, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 20. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Le comte de Vandes, of the Luxembourg company of the garde-du-corps of France, to miss Wright, of Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square

At St. James's church, James Clay, esq. of Old Broad-street, to miss Emes, of Argyle-street.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Wm. Monro, esq. to miss Smyth, eldest daughter of Dr. Carmichael Smyth.

22. John Gregson, esq. of Durham, to miss Allgood, of Westgate, in Weardale.

24. At Beckenhain, Kent, the rev. William Stackhouse, of Modbury, Devon, eldest son of William Stackhouse, esq. of Trehane, Cornwall, to miss Smith, daughter of William Smith, esq. of Clay-hill.

Charles William Ward, esq. to miss Linley, of Southampton-street.

25. S. Treasure, esq. of the Tax Office, Somerset-place, to miss Brutton, of North-end, Fulham.

At Boston, Mr. Joseph Corsbie, merchant, of London, to miss Barnard, the only daughter of Samuel Barnard, esq.

27. At Stoke Newington, Mr. Hollingworth Bramley, of Aldersgate-street, to miss Juliana Smith, of the former place.

At Guernsey, John Thomas, esq. of Lothbury, to miss Le Merchant, of Guernsey.

At St. James's Church, by the Warden of All Soul's College, George Brietzcke, esq. of the Secretary of State's office, to miss Isham, eldest daughter of sir Justinian Isham, bart. of Lamport, Northamptonshire.

At Whitley, in Northumberland, sir Wharton Amcotts, bart. M. P. to miss Amelia Campbell, daughter of the late Duncan Campbell, esq. of Whitley.

30. At Edmonton, Edward Busk, esq. of the Middle Temple, to miss Teshmaker, of Ford's Grove.

At St. John's, Hackney, the rev. W. Wilkins, to miss Letitia Field, of that place.

Oct. 1. Robert Hepburn, of Clarkington, esq. major of the tenth (or Edinburgh) militia, to miss Katharine Gordon, third daughter of the late hon. Alexander Gordon (lord Rockville) and the countess dowager of Dumfries and Stair.

2. By the rev. Mr. Morris, at the countess dowager of Lincoln's, in Portland-place, by a special licence, lord Folkstone, to lady Catharine Pelham Clinton, only child of lady Lincoln.

At Armagh, George Moore, esq. to miss Armstrong.

Mr. Oliver Gamon, of Winchester-street, to Mrs. Lachernea Hende, of Lisson-green.

James Howard, esq. of West-fields, St. Alban's, Herts, to miss Mary Louisa Ekins, daughter of the late rev. Randolph Ekins, rector of Penmarsh, Essex.

4. At Caversham church, Oxfordshire, by the rev. Dr. Barry, Philip Browne, esq. to miss E. Fox, of Caversham.

At Stratford St. Mary, in the county of Suffolk, Archibald Elijah Impey, esq. son of sir Elijah Impey, to miss Sarah Proby, daughter of the rev. N. C. Proby.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Bible-face Roberts, esq. to miss Lucretia Bently, of Half-moon-street.

5. Alexander Campbell, esq. merchant, Glasgow, to miss Barbara Campbell, youngest daughter of Archibald Campbell, esq. of Jura.

6. At

6. At Seaton, in Devonshire, John Edward Lee, esq. of Portland-place, near Hammersmith, to miss Mary Le Hardy.

James Stow, esq. of Vauxhall, to Mrs. Lloyd, widow of the late William Lloyd, esq.

9. At Gretna Green, Edward Frank, esq. only son of Bacon Frank, esq. of Campsall, in the west riding of Yorkshire, to miss Mary Frances Sowerby, eldest daughter of colonel James Sowerby, of the royal regiment of artillery.

At Killboy, in the county of Tipperary, Thomas Bernard, esq. of Castletown, in the King's County, to the hon. miss Elizabeth Prittie, youngest daughter of lord Conally.

At Castle-Otway, in the county of Tipperary, the hon. Francis Aldborough Prittie, to Mrs. Harpoope, daughter of Cooke Otway, esq. and the rev. Jocelyn Otway, to miss Hart.

11. At Beddington, Richard Shepley, esq. of Carshalton, Surrey, to miss Lydia Harrison, of Walcot-place, in the same county.

13. Robert Butler, esq. to miss Mary Stokes, of Kensington-square, youngest daughter of the late Anthony Stokes, esq. formerly his majesty's chief justice of Georgia.

Henry Woodgate, esq. of the Temple, to miss Bax, of Preston-house, Kent.

DEATHS.

17. At Chester, after a long illness, the hon. Lloyd Kenyon, eldest son of lord Kenyon, aged 25.

20. At Beverley, Mrs. Harland, mother of Weedly Harland, esq. in the East York militia.

At Leighlin-bridge, the rev. T. Dillon, rector of the parish of Shankhill, in the county of Kilkenny.

At his house in Sackville-street, David Carnegie Knox, esq.

21. At Wallingford, Berks, Mr. P. Wells, of the Adelphi.

At Essex, John Braithwaite, esq. aged 78 years, many years agent for the island of Barbadoes.

24. In Weymouth-street, Portland-place, sincerely lamented, David Laing, esq. late of the island of Jamaica.

At his apartments in Essex-street, lieutenant-colonel William Potts, of the 10th regiment of foot.

27. In Norfolk, Richard Raynsford, esq. of Lansdown-place.

Lady Douglas, relict of the late sir Charles Douglas, bart. rear-admiral of the blue.

At Fearn Mause, the rev. John Urquhart, of Mount Eagle, esq. minister of Fearn for nearly 30 years, aged 61.

30. In Parliament-street, the widow of Joseph Waddy, esq. late of Bishop-street, Dublin.

At West Hatch, in Essex, lady Hughes, the widow of admiral sir Edward Hughes, deceased, knight of the Bath.

Oct. 5. At Brighton, Mrs. Hilton, wife of W. Hilton, esq. late of Hornchurch, Essex.

At her house in Chatham-place, Mrs. Crosby, of Chetsfield Court lodge, in the county of Kent, relict of the late alderman Crosby.

At Hammersmith, Mrs. Collyer, wife of Mr. Collyer, army agent.

6. In Stephen's-green, Dublin, the right hon. John Meade, earl and viscount of Clanwilliam, baron of Gilford, and baronet.

7. At Benwell, aged 90, Aubone Surtees, esq. banker and alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and father of that corporation.

9. James Walwyn, of Longworth, M. P. for the city of Hereford, during the last and present session.

At his house in Hertfordshire, Joseph Bland, esq. of Mincing-lane, London, merchant.

At his house in Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, Charles Peter Handley, esq.

Mrs. English, wife of Walter English, esq. of Lambeth.

At Fulham, in an advanced age, the hon. Elizabeth Wandesford, aunt to the countess of Ormond.

In Hatton-street, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Maitland, widow of the late Robert Maitland, esq. of Greenwich.

12. At his house, at East Burnham, Bucks, Henry Stephenson, esq. of Cox-lodge, Northumberland, in the 76th year of his age.